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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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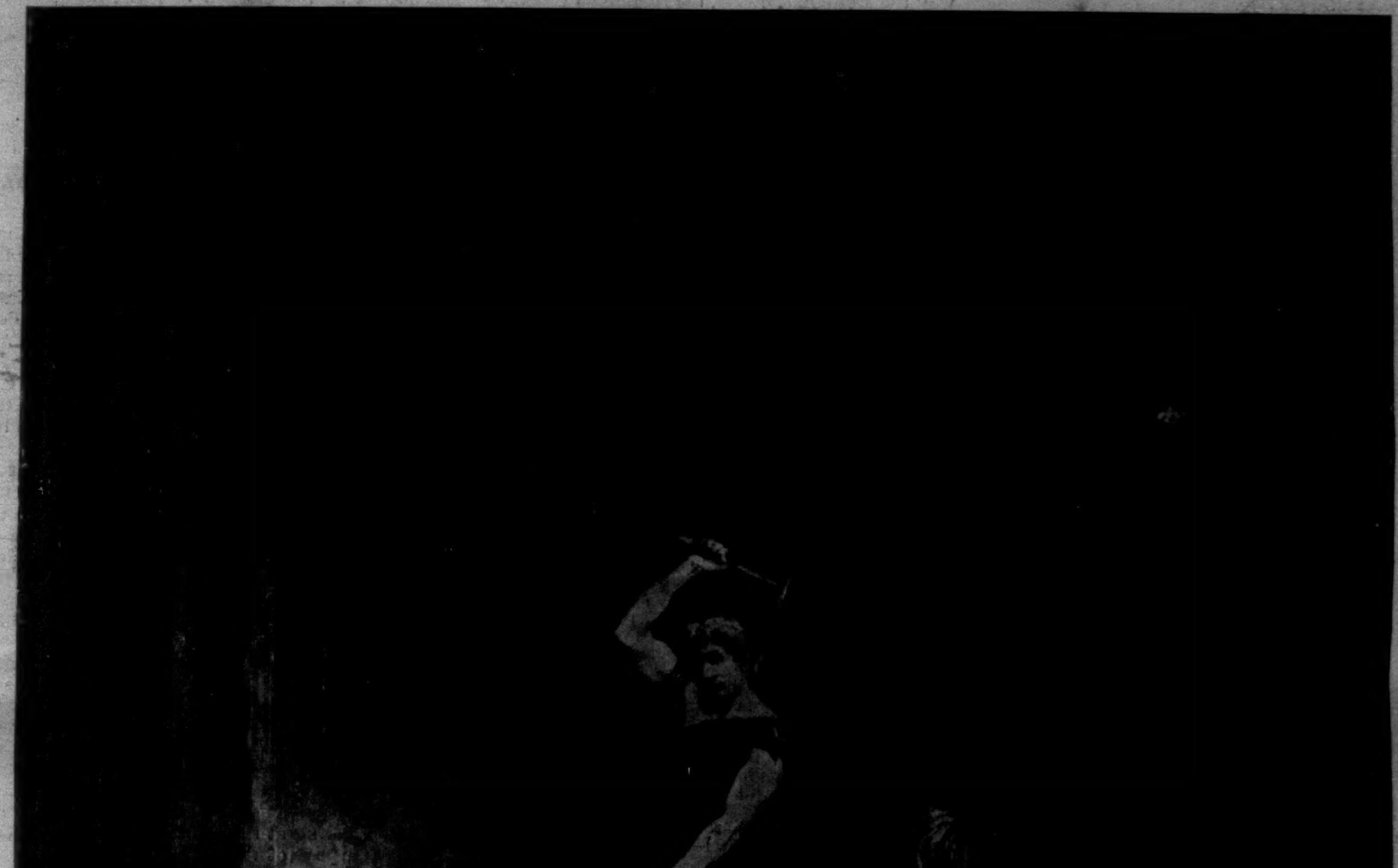

JEAN DE RESZKÉ AS SIEGFRIED FORGING THE SWORD "NOTHUNG,"

As performed at the Metropolitan Opera-House, New York.—Drawn by Kenyon Cox.—[See Page 126.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE SENATE AND ITS DIGNITY.

THE other day Senator HOAR was aroused to indignation by an appeal of an educational institution of New England urging immediate action by the Senate on the arbitration treaty. Senator LODGE expressed his gratification that his colleague should have properly resented officious intermeddling by outsiders, and, in view of their necessitous circumstances, both might have added a protest against the popular indignation and contempt which are generally felt and expressed for the body of which they are among the most intelligent members. Senator GRAY, deprecating any outside effort to force the Senate to unseemly haste, was, nevertheless, glad of the public interest so generally manifested in this public question, and did not believe that the deliberation of the Senate would be hastened by public clamor. He might have added a prayer that it would not be prolonged in order that the Senate might show the clamorous public how importunities to do right tempt many Senators to do wrong, perversity being the only disguise that some men have for dignity.

Senators HOAR and LODGE are entitled to sincere sympathy. Weak, wrong-headed, and narrowly partisan as they often are, they rank, as we have said, among the more intelligent members of the Senate. They know the history of the country and the traditions of the body in which they find themselves. They realize the value of the great reputation that it has enjoyed, and they must be conscious of the terrible loss of character that it has sustained within the period of their own public lives, and within the Senatorship of Mr. HOAR. Their consciousness of the intellectual and moral weakness of the present Senate adds poignancy to the disrespectful utterances of the educated and thoughtful people of the country concerning the Senate. They know that history will not esteem it an honor to have been a Senator of the United States in these later years of the nineteenth century, and their cry of pain will be heard with a certain compassion by those who realize that the Senators from Massachusetts would prefer better company if they could have it.

The fact is, we fear, that the Senate is angry because there is substantial reason for the importunate demand of the public that it shall do right. It may not be disputed that there are busybodies in the country who obtrude their advice on Congress and the Executive, and who have thus worked at various times a good deal of harm, but when the whole country, through its press, its schools and colleges, its pulpits, and its commercial bodies, joins in demanding action by Congress, the popular movement cannot be dismissed by a petulant denouncement of it as impertinent. The scattered voices of a few self-constituted committees may be thus described, but the storming volume of the general voice is something radically different. The people are now demanding action on the arbitration treaty because they want the treaty ratified, and because they have abundant evidence that the Senate intends to delay and perhaps to defeat it. It was not a conclusive answer to the demands of the educational institution that offended Mr. HOAR to urge that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee had held as many meetings on the subject as had been convenient, because several Senators had already announced their opposition, and it is generally understood that the treaty is in danger. Moreover, the arguments that have been advanced against it are of such a nature as to convince the country that, unless it is made clear that a rejection of the treaty will be unpopular, and therefore damaging to the personal fortunes of those who may vote against it, the meanest motives and the most frivolous arguments may prevail. In other words, it is obvious that, unless popular opinion forces the Senate to do its duty, malice and ignorance are likely to score one more success against civilization. It was therefore an act of wisdom on the part of those who negotiated the treaty to make it public, and it is apparently a work of necessity to convince the Senate that the country will resent a failure to ratify the treaty as a blow at its dearest interests.

As soon as the treaty was made known, sage malice shook its head and began to hunt for objections. One Senator "feared the Greeks bearing gifts." This made a deep impression on ready minds. Another Senator was indignant because the text of the treaty was published in a London newspaper before the Senate had had an opportunity to read it. That such an argument against the merits of the treaty could be seriously urged by any Senator ought to convince Senators HOAR and LODGE of the pertinency of immediate interference by some educational institution. Finally the opposition has settled down on the fear that in some way the MONROE doctrine, the Nicaragua Canal, or some other question between ourselves and some power other than Great Britain may be involved. It is safe to say that all difficulties of this nature are the inventions of minds that are predisposed against the treaty, and that no lawyer or diplomat would hold any of these objections to be sound. The treaty provides for arbitration of "all.... matters in difference in respect of which either of the high contracting parties shall have rights against the other," which means, and will doubtless be held to mean, all matters of difference arising from the immediate relations of the United States and Great Britain. It certainly does not and cannot mean that a national policy like the MONROE doctrine, or that relations between one of the contracting powers and a third power, are to be subjects for arbitration under this treaty. Ex-Senator GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, who was not only a distinguished Senator, but is one of the foremost lawyers of the country, says on this point:

"The words upon which the criticism is based are found in article iv., as follows: 'All other matters in difference, in respect of which either of the high contracting parties shall have rights against the other under the treaty or otherwise.' What, then, are 'rights against the other'? In the theory of the municipal state and of all its autonomy the rights of one citizen against another are essentially and exclusively those things that the law of the state enjoins upon each in regard to the other. This is the whole definition. Precisely the same is true in international law and the centuries of intercourse between nations. This, I believe, all writers on national law and international law agree in....

"It was, then, the clear and perfectly understood distinction between the rights of one nation against another, and their interests and policies in regard to other nations, that doubtless led to a separate treaty in regard to the Venezuelan question; for both governments knew that the affair could not possibly come within the scope of the general treaty. You will see, therefore, that the phrase of the treaty which is criticised is the most apt possible to mark the boundary of arbitration, and that it leaves the MONROE doctrine unaffected."

The fact that so paltry a point has been urged shows how strongly some Senators are bent on the defeat of what Mr. EDMUNDS calls, "the first step, very great and auspicious, towards the attainment of peace among the nations." Under the circumstances, the time is not propitious for indignant remonstrance against questionings of the Senate's character and capacity. On the contrary, all the energy and talents that are possessed by Mr. HOAR and Mr. LODGE should be devoted to an attempt to regain a little of the dignity and reputation which the Senate has lost, by yielding to the pressure against which they now protest.

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

MR. MCKINLEY has met with some difficulty in securing a Secretary of the Treasury. The next head of the finance department of the government cannot be original, and cannot very well work out a distinctive Republican policy. In view of the conditions of party politics that have prevailed in the last four years, this has added to the difficulties of the situation. Mr. CARLISLE has done what he has been compelled to do by the law and by a refusal of Congress to act on financial questions. Appropriations have exceeded receipts, the credit of the government has been assailed by foolish legislation and threats of legislation, and the gold reserve has disappeared from the Treasury. Mr. CARLISLE has employed all the power that the laws have given him for the maintenance of the reserve and for the fulfilment of the country's obligations. Not only could he have done nothing more, he could have done nothing different, and, under like conditions, his successor will be able to do nothing more or different.

The Republican politicians, notwithstanding that Mr. CARLISLE has been doing the only thing that he could do, have persistently attacked his policy, and naturally shrunk from entering upon an office and undertaking a task which, in all human probability, will have to be carried on for some time in the manner which he has pursued. But Mr. MCKINLEY has at last looked beyond the politicians, and has selected as Secretary a man who will not be prevented from doing his duty by a past of opposition to the present administration's financial policy; who will not, in other words, be under fancied obligations to strike out into a new course for the sake of forcing his official acts into consistency with his partisan words.

In the appointment of Mr. LYMAN J. GAGE, of Chicago, Mr. MCKINLEY will have as his Secretary of the Treasury a man who will enjoy the confidence of all who voted against Mr. BRYAN on the money question. Mr. GAGE is for the gold standard, and knows that the greenback is inimical to a sound currency system. His selection by Mr. MCKINLEY as the head of the Treasury Department is the first recognition, by any member of the party that profits by the election of last November, of what Mr. MCKINLEY, in his letter of acceptance, called the "predominant issue."

CECIL RHODES TO THE BAR.

THE return of CECIL RHODES to England promises a much more interesting and instructive exhibition even than that of which the trial of Dr. JAMESON and his comrades was the occasion. For CECIL RHODES is the head and front not only of Dr. JAMESON'S offending, but of much more offending against the peace of South Africa and international morality in general. There has not been, since the early days of the East India Company, an "imperial" project which has so taken possession of London society as the project for acquiring all South Africa, which has been undertaken by the British South Africa Company—that is to say, by Mr. CECIL RHODES. Although as a matter of prudence the author of the scheme took himself off the list of his own directorate when President KRUGER produced the evidence that connected him with the JAMESON raid, nobody has ever doubted that to all intents and purposes he was the British South Africa Company. That company commanded the adhesion of the rank and fashion of England; the London *Times* was its subservient organ, and the absurd Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN its laureate.

It was immensely to the credit of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, considering the amount of "pressure" of various kinds to which he must have been subjected, that he should have resisted it, and made perfectly clear the good faith of the British government in respect to the JAMESON raid. It was equally to the disgust of Mr. RHODES that the Secretary for the Colonies did his duty. Mr. RHODES already, before his departure from South Africa, has taken his revenge, or at least has shown his spite, in sneering at the official whose fidelity baffled the purpose of the raiders, when he said, at a public dinner at Cape Colony, in allusion to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S hobby, that some statesmen devoted themselves to orchids, but as for himself, he had "added two million square miles to the empire."

This must be an exaggeration, since only last year the "total area of the sphere, actual and prospective," of the Chartered Company was put at 750,000 square miles. To make it up to Mr. RHODES'S very round and imposing figures, it is necessary to include not merely the 113,000 square miles of the South African Republic, the "addition" of which seems to present considerable difficulties, but also the Portuguese possessions in East and West and the German sphere of influence in Southwest Africa, in respect to which there may be difficulties. In fact, Mr. RHODES'S figures will very nearly cover the whole continent south of Lake Tanganyika. Although years ago Mr. RHODES declared that it was his "dream" that all this should be British, it is in respect to a great part of it at least decidedly premature to say that it belongs to the empire.

His farewell appearances in South Africa have apparently been arranged for the purpose of impressing the British public at home that the British public in South Africa is with him. No doubt it is with him in desiring that his dream should come true, but it by no means follows that it is with him in the means he has employed to make it come true. In fact, the government of Cape Colony did its duty, at the time of the JAMESON raid, as faithfully as the Colonial Secretary in London did his, and the enthusiasm of a few farewell banquets will not convince mankind that the population did not sustain the government. At any rate, his brutal frankness in Cape Colony, including his indiscreet sneer at the "unctuous rectitude" of the British public, has alienated his supporters at home. Even the London *Times*, while it congratulates him upon having for once risked his own skin in executing his designs, is compelled to deprecate his behavior. The British public does not like to be bullied by a culprit at its bar, even though the culprit be Mr. CECIL RHODES.

"I AM A DEMOCRAT"—"I AM A PARTISAN."

"I am a Democrat," said David B. Hill at a famous political meeting in Brooklyn a decade ago. Hill will pass off the political stage on March 4 next.

"I am a partisan. I rejoice in partisanship," said Edward Lauterbach before the Greater New York Commission recently, in pleading for the introduction of the spoils system in the police department of the coming city. When will Lauterbach's political system, which is Plattism, pass off the political stage?

Hill's claque-inspiring slogan was practically his chief stock in trade as a politician and as a so-called statesman. If the phrase meant anything, it meant that Hill was an offensive partisan and gloried in it. It did not mean that he was a Democrat. He was for Hill first, last, and all the time. He made the mistake of believing that the people were divided politically into two hostile camps, and that the tactics of war—lying, deceit, treachery, dishonesty—were necessary to the successful conduct of public business if public servants wished to retain their honors and emoluments. He mistook the shouts of his camp-followers and fellow-marauders for the applause of the people when "I am a Democrat" went resounding through the State and country.

The people had no opportunity to declare their position on Hill's offensive-partisanship theory until Maynardism and Sheehanism came before them as a distinct issue. The question as to who should control the Constitutional Convention was bound up in that issue. Hill and his followers awoke to find that not only had they misjudged the temper of the people, but that through this mistake they had lost control of the Constitutional Convention, and had lost political control of the State, as they had planned it, for twenty years. Offensive partisanship, which had sowed a wind, had reaped a whirlwind, and in that whirlwind was civil service reform, embodied in the constitution beyond recall.

Lauterbach and Platt may not be able to see that Hill's offensive partisanship worked his complete downfall. They are taking precisely the same stand that Hill took. They seem to think that people rejoice in offensive partisanship. It may be several years before they go before the people with that as the chief issue, but that condition of affairs must come, and there can be no doubt as to the people's answer. Plattism will go. To doubt it is to doubt the honesty of the people, to doubt their past, to doubt their devotion to their own welfare.

According to Plattism, you must have spoils to have a party. The idea of preserving party organization or of earning party supremacy by deserving success through devotion to public duty has no place in the Platt theory of politics. You must use the power of official salaries, paid by all the people irrespective of party, for your own party ends. You must also use the power of political blackmail for your own advantage. The truth, of course, is that the spoils system is essentially dishonest. Its chief aim is to get something for nothing, to disregard the law of equivalents, to cheat and deceive. It is using war tactics when there is no war.

"I am a Democrat" and "I am a partisan" are watchwords of official corruption. Just as sure as the people have sufficient intelligence to govern themselves, just so sure will the bosses whom these watchwords represent meet the same doom. Hill will disappear in a few days; Platt will follow in time.

THE WASTE OF WATER.

Colonel Waring's article on another page of this number of the Weekly, about waste of water, deserves the attention of every city-dwelling person who uses water or pays taxes. Brooklyn believes her water-supply to be insufficient for the prospective needs of her population, and is discussing a project for tapping, at enormous cost, a new supply, situated as far off, perhaps, as the Adirondacks. Colonel Waring says that Brooklyn has a sufficient water-supply already for all her needs for many years to come, and that what she ought to do is not to plan for expenditures which she cannot afford in getting more, but to arrange at a small outlay for taking better care of what she has already. He declares that the American idea that water should be "as free as air," and that every town should have water enough to give each person in it 100 gallons a day, is most extravagant, and cites the experience of Liverpool, where water is profusely used, and where 28 gallons a day per head has been found to be ample. A system of meters is a check on waste of water by consumers, and water-meters are being very generally introduced in American cities. A waste, however, that ordinary meters do not regulate occurs before the water gets to the consumer at all. It is the waste from street mains and underground leaks. Readers who are not versed in the subject will be astonished to learn from the tables Colonel Waring quotes, especially from the diagram of Sir Frederick Bramwell reproduced in his article, that in some cases the amount of water wasted in this way without the connivance of any consumer greatly exceeds the whole amount that is used. Colonel Waring tells us that there are effective devices for controlling this leakage as well as that in the houses, and it is the use of these contrivances that he recommends to Brooklyn and to other cities in like case.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

In one Legislature after another bills are presented for the introduction of the merit system in the civil service of the respective States. In a large number of cities, North and South and East and West, the merit system has already been adopted to govern the municipal service—in Chicago by a popular majority of 50,000—or popular movements led by the most respectable citizens are on foot to secure its adoption. In all parts of the country civil service reform is progressing with a rapidity beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends. Only in the State of New York, where the merit system exists under the safeguard of a constitutional mandate, a systematic effort is being made to nullify it. An association has been formed for that purpose under the name of "the Progressive Civil Service League," with Mr. Abraham Gruber as its drummer. A public meeting has been held, at which the principles of the merit system were vociferously assailed and ridiculed, and its advocates denounced as hypocrites, self-seekers, and monarchists. The grossest and most reckless misrepresentations of the conduct and results of competitive examinations were put forth by the speakers, and vulgar cries characterized the audience. Their statements impugning the methods of the merit system have with conspicuous swiftness and accuracy of stroke been so completely and crushingly disposed of by Mr. McAneny, the secretary of the Civil Service Reform Association, that those who made them should hide their heads in shame as convicted falsifiers. There is no room here for recounting the lies and the refutations. But it may be said that in two respects the meeting served a good purpose. It proved conclusively how little the most unscrupulous enemies of civil service reform have to say in the line of fact against its fruits, and it clearly revealed the real spirit and the true aims of those who assail the merit system as "unpractical" and "undemocratic."

The champions of this "progressive" movement had for months ransacked the records of the Civil Service Board of this city, which they were freely permitted to do, to the end of finding questions asked by examiners that might be ridiculed, and they had left no stone unturned to discover persons appointed after competitive examinations who had proved unfit for their places. What was the result? As to such questions, the speakers at the meeting scorned the idea that the general intelligence of an aspirant should be tested by such puzzles as who Abraham Lincoln was, or what city was the capital of this country; and they thought it supremely ludicrous as well as undemocratic that, since Horace Greeley had written his editorials in a tangled scrawl, a candidate for a clerkship should be required to write a legible hand. And, finally, they brought up with the well-worn fable that a candidate for the place of street-cleaner was examined about the orbit of the planet Mars—while at the same time they were obliged to confess that of late the questions asked had been fairly practical. As to the fitness for office of persons appointed upon competitive examination, they knew of one incompetent inspector of buildings, and they had heard of somebody who had found a policeman unable to show him the way to the Bowery, because he had recently come here from Oneida County. These instances of failure were substantially all they produced after a most diligent search in a municipal service counting many thousands of men appointed under the civil service rules. Even if they had found ten or twenty times as many failures among them, it would still be a most brilliant testimony for the effectiveness of the merit system in cleansing and improving a municipal service which, while the old spoils practices prevailed, was swarming not only with incompetents, but with loafers, blackmailers, and thieves.

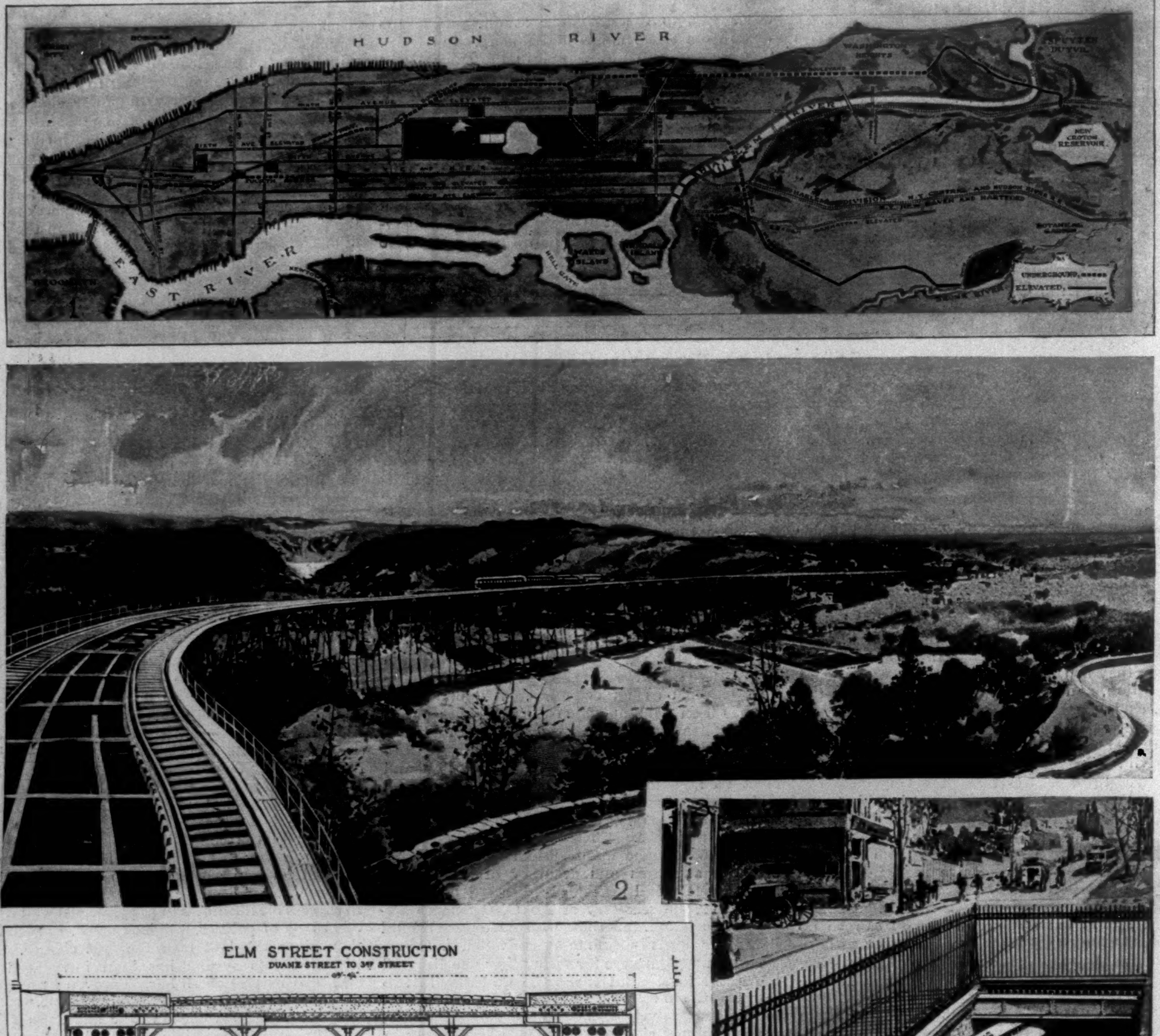
That the self-styled "progressives" aim at the restoration of those vicious spoils practices was plainly proven at the meeting. All their criticisms of the merit system and all their artful propositions to make the examinations "practical" culminate in the one demand that the person to be appointed to office must belong to the ruling party, and that, as the party in power changes, the administrative machinery must be taken to pieces, to be manned anew with partisans who helped to bring about the change. And all their reasoning in support of this demand is based upon the vile assumption that there would be neither patriotism nor political parties among us if the party man or the patriot had no prospect of reward in the shape of official spoil to inspire him—as if there had been neither patriotism nor political parties in the early times of the republic before the spoils system existed! This assumption is so revolting a libel upon the character of the American people that the man uttering it should be spurned as a despicable slanderer by every citizen who loves his country.

What was it that gave the civil service reform movement so powerful an impulse all over the country? It was not an agitation carried on by a few theorists, nor the sudden spreading of a "fad," as Mr. Gruber and his fellows would make the unwary believe. It was the dearly bought experience that, as the machinery of our national government grew in dimensions and complexity, the public business could not be performed with either efficiency or honesty if the places in the departments were distributed as personal favors or as rewards for partisan activity. It was the constantly growing popular disgust at the scandals of the barbarous spoils carnival accompanying every change of administration. And more than all this, it was the glaring inefficiency and the reeking rottenness of our partisan municipal governments which brought the true nature of the spoils system and of political machine rule home to the perception of every observing citizen. For these intolerable evils a just popular instinct discovered in civil service reform at least a partial remedy—taking the administrative machinery "out of politics," and thus transforming the public departments from patronage-broker shops into business offices. The same just popular instinct saw the means to this end in the competitive merit system, which opens the way to public place not merely to the favored partisan worker, but to every citizen, rich or poor, Republican or Democrat, who can show his fitness for the duties to be performed, and which, regardless of politics, religious creed, or social station, gives the best men the best chance. And wherever this system has been introduced and faithfully carried out, it has, as proven by evidence which its detractors labor in vain to refute, wrought so great an improvement in the morals as well as the efficiency of the public service that no patriotic citizen, fairly understanding it, will countenance for an instant its impairment.

No doubt there are people who complain of it. Every party heeler to whom it blocks the road to the public crib; every office-seeker who fears the competition of better men; every political boss seeking to feed his henchmen out of the citizens' pockets; every public man in high or low place distrusting his ability to maintain himself without organizing a following by the distribution of patronage—all these clamor for putting the administrative departments back "into politics" again. And these are the forces engaged in this assault upon the merit system. The trouble which exasperates such politicians as Mr. Gruber is easily understood. Without the prospect of the spoils of office they cannot hold their bands of heelers together. And therefore they shriek at the top of their voices that because of civil service reform patriotism will die out and popular government will vanish from the earth. What they slanderously attribute to the American people is really true of their own followers. "No pap, no patriotism," is *their* cry. But it is not the cry of good American citizenship. And so it is not the government of the people, but the rule of the bosses and machines, that will be in danger of perishing. Hence their anguish.

To call their movement against the merit system "*progressive* civil service reform" is one of the most audacious frauds on record. We might as well leave our thoroughfares to be swept by the rain, and the garbage to be removed by dogs and buzzards, and call it "progressive street-cleaning"; or return to the persecution of Quakers and the burning of witches, and call it "progressive Christianity." But these "progressive" spoils politicians are reckoning without their host. In this State the boss and the Governor and the Legislature for the time being may be on their side. But they will find in their way not only the Constitution and the courts, but also a public sentiment too enlightened and patriotic to be gulled by cheap talk or to be frightened by wild cries.

Carl Schurz.



RAPID TRANSIT FOR NEW YORK—THE PROPOSED UNDERGROUND AND ELEVATED RAILROAD.

Drawn by W. Louis Sonntag, Jun.—[See Page 138.]

1. Map showing Routes of the proposed Underground and Elevated Railroad. 2. The Viaduct, looking North from 194th Street and 11th Avenue. 3. Entrance to the Underground System at 123d Street and Boulevard, looking South. 4. Typical Underground Station for Local Trains.

RAPID TRANSIT FOR NEW YORK—THE PROPOSED UNDERGROUND AND ELEVATED RAILROAD.
DRAWN BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 138.]
The Manhattan Valley Viaduct, looking South along the Boulevard from 129th Street.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

The new Governor of German East Africa is Colonel Liebert, better known to his friends as Liebert Africanus. If the German Emperor concludes to make a raid into Rhodesia, he has in his new Governor one of the ablest half-dozen soldiers in his army; and perhaps that is why Liebert Africanus is now on his way to Dar-es-Salaam. Some seven years ago this officer was sent on a tour amongst the German colonies, and this is all the practical knowledge he has of negro needs. But the name of Liebert is much better known in army than in colonial circles. He once wrote a book describing minutely all the approaches into Russia from the German frontier; all the bridges, the fords, roads, and paths, were carefully indicated, so that an invading army could almost do without engineers. Liebert published this book over an assumed name, "Sarmaticus," and it is even to-day the best work of its kind in the world. The author is an excellent Polish and Russian scholar; is a master of all details in the Czar's empire; and it does indeed seem strange that such a man should be sent to govern a wilderness of monkeys. Perhaps the Emperor has made up his mind that he will never make war against Russia, and that his experts in Russian matters can be spared. But if not Russian, at least Polish matters are likely soon to give Germany trouble.

Poland was badly carved up in 1795, and Prussia received a large slice of it. Had the Germans treated their fellow-subjects fairly, all might have gone well in spite of this. But the Prussian government has systematically attempted to suppress not merely the Polish language, but every expression of national feeling. Poles are to-day forbidden to speak their mother-tongue at public meetings, and are in many other ways discouraged and persecuted. Yet the present Prussian Minister of the Interior, Von der Recke, is personally a gentleman disposed by nature to humane methods. I had frequent conversations with him shortly after his appointment in January of 1896, and he does not suggest a cruel or brutal nature. Yet he has recently accepted responsibility for official acts that are a disgrace to civilization. For, in Heaven's name, why must a man deny his mother-tongue? In Louisiana white and black alike speak French; so do they in Canada. In the Southwest there is still much Spanish talked, and in the Northwest are large districts where one can get along with a knowledge of Scandinavian alone. But does any American ever dream of making language a test of patriotism. The German government to-day thinks it can make the Poles loyal by persecuting them. It will prove a terrible mistake. The Poles are a noble race of men and women, they have shown, in 1830 and 1863, that they can fight well against great odds. Instead of persecuting, Germany would do well to cultivate the good-will of these people—she will need it some day. Warsaw is filled with brave men of the Kosciuszko type, who are only biding their time and preparing for a war of independence. It will make a great difference to Germany, in case of war with Russia, whether Poles are for her or against her.

A few years ago I was in Warsaw, at a large dinner of Polish patriots. Needless to say, we invited no Russian officials. At that time the German Emperor was a national Polish hero, for all hoped that a German army would soon enter Russia for the liberation of the down-trodden people. One of the toasts at this remarkable dinner was, "Success to the German Emperor; may he soon arrive with a large following!" But that was six years ago. I doubt if such a toast would be received to-day so cordially as it was then. I wonder where the patriots are who dined with me at that table—some, no doubt, in Siberian prisons.

Is it true that our political system discourages the growth of great men? This statement is often made, and fortified by pointing to the fact that Presidents of the United States are, in these latter days, apt to be chosen because they have as yet offended no one. But how fares an absolute monarchy? How fares Germany? Prussia fought three wars between 1864 and 1871. Her opponents were Denmark, Austria, and France. She was victorious each time. Now how many educated men can name three famous German soldiers who owe their fame to those campaigns? A dispassionate critic of military history would say that the American civil war produced at least half a dozen men whose fame became world-wide. And if we pass to the field of politics the comparison is still more striking. Try if you can name three German statesmen—leaving out Bismarck, for obvious reasons. Has the father-land in our generation made men like Charles Sumner, Abraham Lincoln, Samuel J. Tilden—men whose lives have been wholly given to their country; men who have never been guilty of baseness. In literature and art we might make the same discoveries. Dickens, Mark Twain, Thackeray—these, and a dozen more writers of our day, are well known in Germany; but can you at the moment call to mind three German writers familiar to Americans of average culture? I hear you say Ebers—then halt. In short, Germany to-day has ceased to produce the intellectual giants who astonished Carlyle. The great era of German domination in things mental was the era of comparative liberty—the age of Schiller and Goethe. To-day the universities, the schools, the men of ideas—they all live too much in the shade of officials. A historian like Mommsen, a scientist like Virchow, a political thinker like Delbrück—such men are made to suffer political and social persecution. Germans appreciate greatness, but the German government tolerates it not. The great man must be a freeman, and a government of soldiers cannot endure freemen. Germans are justly proud of their vast army, their industrious and honest officials, their excellent educational institutions. It is all wonderful—but not to my taste. I would rather live in a rough country and carry a revolver than feel that a policeman was always at my back.

We Americans may carry too far our admiration for German education. And this is directed particularly at parents who think of sending their boys to a *gymnasium* or the university. The German boy learns an enormous amount, but it is usually at the expense of his health, and always at the expense of time which should have been devoted to canoeing, fishing, shooting, or sailing. Mr. Edison once told me that he admired Germans very much as chemists—that they were the only people patient enough for that work. But so far as other useful knowledge was concerned he could say little for them. And, as we all know, Edison is an expert on the subject of labor value.

There are several things which Germany could never have produced—for instance, Cobden, Abraham Lincoln, Henry Ward Beecher, and Thomas Edison.

Poultney Bigelow.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

Marry! with you players,
Time gallops withal.

Between original productions and revivals that bring reminiscences the years seem to fly almost as rapidly as they do between the acts when "twenty years elapse" while the scene-shifters operate. When *Caste* was first produced, John Hare, now famous as all sorts and conditions of stage old men, was disporting as a young light comedian, and to him fell the part of Sam Gerridge. Sam is now played by Mr. Hare's son, and the former Gerridge has graduated to Old Eccles, the part created by George Honey. It is not generally known that Mr. Honey, while playing Eccles, met with a peculiar accident, which caused his death. He injured his hand while gesticulating in one of Eccles's oratorical denunciations of capital. In *Caste* character-drawing is the camphor that keeps out the moth of decay. Since Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft produced Tom Robertson's agreeable comedy, many plays cleverer, stronger in the theatrical sense, have been presented, have had their season, and have been shelved for good and all; but *Caste* still holds its own. It is not a brilliant comedy in any way, but it has a simple story with a strong heart interest deftly relieved by the low comedy. In comparison with the modern "problem play," it seems almost childish; its strength is in an array of well-contrasted characters. Each of the persons essential to the story stands forth conspicuously. There is not a poor part in the piece. Hence it is beloved of the Thespians, and a favorite wherever there is a stock company or an amateur dramatic society. There is no division of fat and lean, but every actor has his opportunity. None of the parts is especially striking or original, yet in some way each contrives to make an impression. Captain Hawtree does not seem to be much more than the conventional swell of society drama, but nevertheless we remember him. Sam Gerridge is rather less original than the usual low-comedy man of contemporary English melodrama, yet Sam is remembered too. Polly, Esther, and the Marquise, all three are stereotyped; yet they are good acting parts, and each has her little theatrical opportunities. Best of all is Old Eccles, a genuine character creation, one that will live longer than all the other figures of Robertsonian teacup comedy. Of the several characterizations given us by Mr. Hare, his Eccles is perhaps the most likely to win popular favor. It is a carefully studied and graphic portrait of the worthless old drunkard, amusing, but with the humor dry rather than unctuous. It is an impersonation that will be more generally appreciated than was Mr. Hare's Duke of St. Opherts in *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, although the latter characterization was as superior intellectually to the actor's Eccles as Mr. Pinero's play is to the Robertson comedy in all that makes an admirable modern drama. *Caste* may be a little behind the times, but Pinero's play is a trifle ahead of them; and then *Mrs. Ebbsmith* had that fatal stove and some other skips from the fine to the unconsciously funny. These Mr. Pinero will cut out when he revives the play ten years from now.

Within the past month New York theatre-goers have had the privilege of enjoying the acting of three representative English players—Mr. Tree, Mr. Willard, and Mr. Hare. Each of these artists is what is known as a character actor, a player of eccentric parts. It is to this sort of work that the cleverest actors devote their abilities at present. In the last generation a great actor meant a tragedian, but tragedians have had their day. The greatest living English-speaking actor plays tragic rôles, it is true, but his greatest success is won in parts outside of the classic repertoire. Mr. Tree was rather unfortunate in his plays during his last New York engagement. His only novelty failed to win popular approval, while his other pieces were identified with earlier American productions. Mr. Willard had the good fortune to bring with him a very entertaining play in *The Rogue's Comedy*. Mr. Hare has been satisfied with reviving comedies that are fairly mellow. Each of these excellent actors has received fair patronage and liberal praise. We are frequently reminded that "art has no nationality," but one is often constrained to think that the histrionic art *has* a nationality, and that it is English, you know. Why, for example, should not criticism say as much for our own Mr Mansfield as it does for Mr. Tree and Mr. Hare? Mr. Mansfield may be eccentric, and may have a fondness for throwing in a curtain lecture with his performance, but, after all, is he not the best character actor of them all? Then there is Mr. E. M. Holland. Could he not play Old Eccles as well as Mr. Hare? Could he not equal even Mr. Willard's fine study of Bailey Prothero? Any competent judge of acting will admit that Mr. Holland's work is as artistic, skilful, and thoughtful as the imported article; but Mr. Holland, being an American, is merely patted patronizingly on the shoulder, while the imported article is praised without stint. Mr. Tree's production of *Trilby* was lauded as far superior to the New York representation. As a matter of fact, the imported *Trilby* did not compare with Mr. Palmer's performance, either in cast or in stage management. Not long ago Miss Louise Beaudet was obliged to abandon her tour with an opera company, as the public would not patronize her. Miss Beaudet went to England for a few months, and now, advertised as "the rage of London," she is one of the great drawing cards of American vaudeville. Anglomania, in most respects an obsolete malady, seems to cling to the American taste in theatricals.

A rumor was recently circulated to the effect that Sir Henry Irving was paralyzed, as a result of the accident which necessitated his temporary retirement from the stage. It was even said that probably he would never act again. It is gratifying to learn that these reports were without foundation. Assurance is given that Sir Henry's condition is much improved. During his illness an attempt was made to keep up the Lyceum performances of *Cymbeline*, with Mr. Cooper Cliffe and the American Miss Arthur as substitutes for Irving and Miss Terry. The public, however, did not care for this *Hamlet* minus the Prince, and the Lyceum is now closed, pending the production of *Madame Sans-Gêne*. Miss Terry is to return from her Continental journeyings to assume the title rôle in the Sardou-Moreau comedy. Irving, if he recovers in time, will play Napoleon—a part for which he is uniquely unsuited by nature. It is possible that the great English actor might make up to resemble some of General Bonaparte's earlier portraits—those of the lanky hair and high cheek-bones; but at that he would be a lingering Napoleon long drawn out. As for representing Bonaparte the Emperor, Sir Henry might as well try to play Dickens's Fat Boy. It is singular that an actor who can play a great number of parts in a manner that is absolutely unapproachable should wish to be seen in characters to which he is evidently unsuited.

Olympus is in revolt in the London theatres, where the gallery gods have become recalcitrant, owing to the presence of policemen who seek to deprive the noble Briton of his time-honored right to hiss and hoot. When one considers the quality of the musical comedies of late brought over from England as the best of recent productions, one cannot avoid sympathizing with the gallery god whom cruel "bobbies" would deprive of his natural means of defence and retaliation.

The Geisha is an attractive musical comedy, but its predecessors seen here were the veriest rubbish, although they were the best of dozens of pieces of the sort which London audiences have been called upon to endure. *The Gaiety Girl* was the first of the series, and one of the worst, and since its London success similar titles have been the rage. There have been *Shop Girls*, *Telephone Girls*, *Circus Girls*, *My Girls*—a whole rose-bud garden of them. In regard to these musical comedies, Mr. William Archer rather cruelly says that he thinks their vogue a less depressing portent than the success of such a piece as *The Sign of the Cross*. Mr. Archer takes the ground that Mr. Barrett's play is pretentious drama, fustian misleading the public taste, while the musical comedies, being frankly trash, are of no consequence to art, and have no material influence upon our contemporary theatre. The Ultima Thule of imbecility seems to have been reached by the latest of these unmusical atrocities, which bears the name of *The Man About Town*. Upon the programme the authorship of this piece is charged to "Huan Mee," which is certainly a new thing in pseudonyms. The production of *The Man About Town* moves the critic of the *Saturday Review* to say: "When I was a musical critic I always contended resolutely that musical farces were in the nature of dramatic entertainment, and were consequently the business of the dramatic critic. Now that I am a dramatic critic, I have come to the conclusion that I was mistaken, and that a musical farce is clearly the business of the musical critic. A dramatic critic is so familiar with brainless tomfoolery that he can stand anything except a masterpiece; a musical critic is so familiar with masterpieces that he can hardly stand anything else."

Playwrights have made a sudden swoop down upon Thackeray, who, up to the present time, has been tolerably safe from the theatrical vandal. Now, however, *Henry Esmond* seems likely to become epidemic. Two American adapters have versions of the novel, one of them having been written for E. H. Sothern, who will give it an early presentation. The late W. G. Wills, who could have given *Esmond* respectful treatment for the stage, had nearly finished an adaptation at the time of his death. This play has been completed by his brother, Mr. Freeman Wills, and is announced for London production. Still another version has been made by Edgar Pemberton for Mr. Compton.

That elaborately advertised pictorial melodrama *The Sign of the Cross*, having worked clerical opinions to the limit, is to be withdrawn in London, and its author, Mr. Wilson Barrett, will follow it with his new play, *Daughters of Babylon*. Marie Corelli's novel *The Sorrows of Satan* has been dramatized and produced, with Lewis Waller in the principal rôle, that of the Prince of Darkness travelling incognito. Since the success of Sarah Bernhardt in *Lorenzaccio* there has been an awakening of interest in De Musset's drama. An English version of it is to be made by Mr. Herman Merivale, and will be produced by Mr. Alexander. Mrs. Henry E. Abbey (Florence Gerard) has chosen, as the vehicle for her return to the London stage, a one-act play entitled *Home, Sweet Home*, which is used as a curtain-raiser in connection with *A Prodigal Father*. This latter piece is a version of *Un Père Prodigue*, from which Charles Mathews took the farce *My Awful Dad*. Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, author of *Arms and the Man*, has written a play called *The Devil's Disciple*. It is said to deal with incidents of the American civil war.

Harry B. Smith.

SIEGFRIED.

Round his young feet play sunbeams through the bough.
High overhead, the Bird is eloquent.
The blade that Fafner's drowsy life hath spent
Hangs on the boy's round thigh. O, eager now,
He learns where he the Maid of Fire may find—
Sleep-bound, flame-girt, upon the charmèd height.
He flies to wake her, at his pilot's flight,
All unaware he leaves himself behind!
Stay, wood-kept lad! No cheap adventure this!
With every step, thy price for Love is scored.
But who shall tame, O fool, thy will—thy sword?
Not Wotan, blaze, nor fear shall stay thy kiss!
Love's call hath won—Brünnhilde's sleep is o'er—
But, Siegfried, thou art Siegfried never more!

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

THIS BUSY WORLD

YOUNG Harvard has been stirred to the depths at the news that the corporation intended to abolish the scrimmage round the tree which has formed part of the Class-day exercises for more than eighty years. It seems that every class since the battle of Waterloo has had a scrimmage round the tree on Class day, except the class of 1877, which could not manage to elect Class-day officers, and failed, on that account, to follow the usual programme. In that year, no provision for Class day being made by the class, the corporation intervened, appointed officers of the day, and with the assistance of Professor Lowell, who entertained the class at breakfast, and of the Harvard nine, which beat Yale in the afternoon on Jarvis Field, provided a day of considerable festivity. There were no chapel exercises, no oration, no poem, and, so far as is known, no regrets at the omission of these features. But successful as this Class day was, there is no desire to repeat it. So strong were the objections of the class of '97 to the suppression of the tree scrimmage that it was proposed that, if the corporation was obdurate and wouldn't "listen to reason," the Class-day officers should resign, and no observance of the day be attempted. Happily harsh measures like these are not likely to be needed. The Seniors have grown calmer, milder methods are obtaining, and the last news was that the authorities would be glad to agree to any compromise by which those features of the tree exercises which had become dangerous, through the great increase in the number both of participants and spectators, could be eliminated and the more attractive ones be retained.

Rugby football, having ravaged America, has begun the conquest of France. *Le Petit Marseillais* recently devoted two columns on its front page to an explanation, with pictures and diagrams, of the strange game that the people of Marseilles may now see played on winter afternoons in their park. M. Palliès, the writer of the article, traces the origin of *le football* back to the Romans, points out its analogies with *le jeu de ballon* and other old French games, relates its long prevalence in England and its growth there into the sport which France begins to borrow for the better development of the qualities of her youth. Describing its *mêlée compacte*, its *demis* (half-backs?) *agiles et audacieux*, its *longues passes et vigoureuses charges* and the *règles précises qui obligent les jouers à certaines formalités*, he commends it warmly as a game *séduisant et bien fait pour développer les muscles, la rapidité du coup d'œil, de la décision, le courage, et le sang-froid.*

A correspondent of the *Critic* is reminded by something "that there is one word which is misused by every journalist and every author wherever the English language is written—the word 'people.'" The misuse complained of consists in using "people" as the plural of "person," and an instance of it is credited to Mr. Howells, who is criticised for writing of "three people" sitting in a room. The authority who criticises him points out that "people" is a collective noun, and can properly be applied only to a nation, a tribe, a class, or a community, and that such a phrase as "fifty people were injured" is "sloppy English." "For twenty-five years," says this complainant, "I have kept my eye on this little word 'people,' and I have yet to find a single English or American author who does not misuse it."

It seems not to have occurred to him that grammar is subservient to language, and not language to grammar. If the best British and American authors for the last twenty-five years have occasionally used "people" in the sense of "persons," there would seem to be warrant for the suspicion that in the present status of the English language that usage is permissible. "Persons" is a hard-worked word, and writers whose literary ear is sensitive will hardly be estopped from relieving the strain on it at times by using "people" in its stead. Whenever the misuse of a familiar word has become universal, it seems safe to recognize that the word as misused is necessary to convenience of expression; and when any word in any sense has proved itself necessary, it might as well have space allowed it in the dictionary and be accepted.

A committee of the New York Ministers' Association, appointed in December to read the New York newspapers and make a report upon them, made known its conclusions at the meeting of the association on Monday of last week. The ministers discussed the report, and passed resolutions setting forth the sort of newspaper they wanted. They want one that is clean, respectful to religion and to other things deserving of respect, mindful of moral distinctions, and so regardful of Sunday as not to appear on that day. They find some papers in New York of which in most particulars they are able to approve, but they notice with regret that some of the best papers have one or more "polluting departments," through which they become "so subservient to the interests of notorious forms of evil—like the race-track—as to suggest the suspicion of their being subsidized for the purpose" Of course the ministers observed great differences in papers, and of course they found plenty of very objectionable ones, just as we all do. The Sunday-newspaper question interested them, and they expressed a desire that some one of the more exemplary morning dailies should drop its Sunday edition, and give people with Sunday scruples a chance to flock in and subscribe to it. Sad to say, it seems very unlikely that either of the great morning papers of New York will avail itself of this chance. Chicago has a paper, *The Record*, which would suit the ministers in this particular. For several years it has been a one-cent paper, but lively, decent, and intelligent, and bare of the objectionable manifestations which New York has lately learned to suppose inevitably characteristic of successful one-cent morning papers. It prints the news, and doubtless it reports horse-races; but its news is clean, and though it abounds in pictures, they are decent; and though it has 200,000 circulation, it has not found it expedient to issue a Sunday edition. If the ministers could induce the *Record* to issue a New York edition, they might get a paper that would come pretty near meeting their views. They might take it as it is, for, after all, news that is twenty-four hours late can be verified much more easily than fresher news; and news gathered in Chicago may easily afford safer topics for sermons in New York than news picked up at home.

Mr. Russell Sage is quoted, in a special despatch to the Boston *Transcript*, in warm approval of the opinions lately expressed by Dr. Rainsford about the ostentatious display of wealth. Mr. Sage, as reported, believes that this sort of display has already had a very bad effect on the more thriftless poor, and that the emotions excited by it are spreading now among the decent artisans. He fears, at least he is reported to fear, that the "insolent excess and extravagance" of rich Americans may provoke popular indignation analogous to that which brought on the French Revolution, and that the bulwarks of our social and political system may give way before it. Mr. Sage has always personally set his face against ostentation, and if, as some persons believe, he has had funds in hand beyond the amount sufficient for the reasonable comforts of life, it is not known that he has ever used them in a manner adapted to excite the envy of any properly constituted person. It would have been edifying if he had stated his idea of the proper use for rich people to make of their surplus funds. If excessively rich people could spend themselves poor, there would be more to say in favor of extravagance, but the great fortunes of our time seem proof against mere personal extravagance, and can only be dissipated by excessive recklessness in investment.

As for money spent on entertainments, no doubt disbursements for a ball in New York help business in this country more than if spent on a ball in England. They do employ labor, but the hitch about them as benevolent expenditures is thought to be that for the most part they employ labor that is not suffering for lack of work, and enrich the well-to-do rather than the poor. An appreciable share, for instance, of the money spent for a ball given at the Waldorf Hotel trickles eventually into the pockets of Mr. Astor, who is not hard up, and will have to exercise his thoughts to devise means to get it out of his pocket and into circulation again.

To spend a huge income so that it won't give offence and won't do harm is not so easy as many people think. A good preventive for ostentatious and harmful expenditure is to avoid the accumulations which make it possible. If shrewd men were not beset to get together vast hoards, their descendants would not be exposed to the risk of unwise expenditure. Mr. Sage may never scandalize the pulpit by wasteful disbursement, but if, under Providence, he should make a good deal of money and omit to spend it as he went along, and his heirs should proceed to rope in Central Park and give an expensive garden party, it would really be the fault of Mr. Sage. A good plan for all men who dislike profuse expenditure for purposes of pleasure is to stop accumulating when their future needs are provided for, and spend their subsequent gains to the best purpose they can. A tale was current the other day that a certain rich man who is getting constantly richer had announced that he had enough, and intended hereafter to spend his winnings as they came in, and there has been reason to believe that he really meant it.

"The Duchess" is dead. She died in Dublin on January 24, and it is doubtful whether any duchess who survives her will be so much missed and lamented when her time comes. Her name was Margaret Hungerford. She was the daughter of Canon Hamilton, rector of a church in Ireland. She married young, and was early left a widow—Mrs. Argles—with three children and no income. She began to write stories, and produced *Phyllis*, *Molly Bawn*, and *Airy Fairy Lillian*, tales which promptly met a "felt want" of such dimensions that the appearance of their successors at moderate intervals has never failed from that time to this. It has been stated that "The Duchess" never told but one story, which she issued periodically with new clothes and different names. The satisfaction it gave her readers was amazing. There was plenty of love in it, always garnished with a fine discrimination on the lady's part as to the merits of rival suitors. It is understood that all her stories turned out well, and could be trusted not to excite any emotion more painful than suspense. Her most faithful readers were, doubtless, girls, though adult women also patronized her wares profusely. Most people like to read trash at times, and "The Duchess's" trash was the ideal trash of a great many sensible people. There was no harm in her books, and they brought her an excellent income, which she doubtless spent with an easy mind, and unvexed by scruples of conscience, literary or otherwise.

It is a commendable thing to have the courage of one's tastes Few people have it in high enough perfection to be wholly superior to the influence of the tastes of their fellows. One of these few was Mrs. Elijah Carson, who died on January 22, at Anamosa, Iowa, after spending a large part of the last half of her life on the ocean. The newspapers which gossiped last week about her curious mode of life say that for some reason she did not care to live at home, and finding life on a steamship agreeable to her and conducive to her health, she settled down to that mode of existence, and followed the sea faithfully for thirty years, making in that time, it is said, not less than two hundred and fifty voyages between New York and Liverpool. The Cunard steamer *Lucania* was the floating home of her preference, and she usually sailed on that vessel when it was in commission. It is told of her that she was of a retiring disposition and kept a good deal by herself, was not a particularly good sailor, but a pleasant passenger who gave little trouble and was liked by the officers of the ship.

The current and continuing suspense over the state of the negotiations as to athletics between Harvard and Yale is very agitating. One day the newspaper head-lines tell us of Offers of Peace in the Balance, and represent that Neither Harvard Nor Yale is Making any Further Effort to Renew Relations, and that the Hitch is not Patched Up (as if a hitch could be patched up). Next Yale Protests Formally; next Yale is Done with Harvard, and will Negotiate Now with Other Colleges; next we learn from Boston Why Negotiations Failed, and are threatened with a Statement from the Harvard Athletic Committee. Next we hear of Negotiations in a New Shape with a Doubtful Outlook; and then All Depends on Yale, and If for This Year Only she Consents to something or other All Will be Well.

The difficulty seems to be over arranging a boat-race so that Harvard may row Cornell and also Yale without rowing two races, and that Yale may row Harvard without rowing Cornell. The solution is simple. Let all three row together, but let Cornell row under an assumed name and in a disguise which shall be revealed to Harvard but not to Yale. Thus Harvard will know that she is rowing against Cornell, but, like as not, Yale may never suspect it, and never have occasion to inquire. There is no assurance that the negotiators will hit upon this solution, simple as it is, but it is fervently to be desired that they may come to some conclusion before Lent, so that we may settle down with calm minds to the great duty of repentance.

On December 28 and 29 the New York *Herald* printed startling reports of the prevalence of the cocaine habit at South Manchester, Connecticut, stating, on the testimony of druggists and physicians whom it named, that the use of the drug, introduced in the form of a catarrh snuff, had become epidemic among the South Manchester people, with effects so serious that the curse of the thing could not be too strongly pictured. An allusion in this department of the WEEKLY to this story has brought from South Manchester a denial, signed by six physicians, that the use of cocaine is epidemic there, or has resulted in a condition anything like as alarming as has been portrayed. Cheney Brothers, the silk manufacturers, among whose employees the use of the dangerous snuff containing cocaine was reported to be especially prevalent, state that they have carefully investigated the condition of their neighborhood as regards the use of cocaine, and that the reports about it are all grossly exaggerated. Three of the physicians who concur in this statement were apparently quoted by the *Herald's* informant as authorities for his story.

It is much regretted that the intention of holding the exhibition of pictures by the late Charles S. Reinhart did not come to the knowledge of the WEEKLY in time for an allusion to be made to it last week. It is hoped that the readers of the WEEKLY and of the other Harper publications, in which so many good drawings by Mr. Reinhart have appeared, learned of the exhibition from the daily papers and gave it attention. Over four hundred pieces of Mr. Reinhart's work were shown, most of them in black and white, but including eight water-colors and sixty paintings, some unfinished, in oil-color.

The Bodleian Library is reported to be crammed full of books, which have overflowed into the basements of available buildings near by, while daily inundations of new literature continue to pour in, for which there is no storage. The Bodleian has been used to keeping most of the books that came to it; now it must determine whether to continue that policy or to let the principle of the survival of the fittest govern its methods in future. All great libraries seem to be confronted by the same question, near in some cases, more remote in others. The storage of books in libraries is expensive, and in these days when there is no end or limit to book-making the storage of books not worth storing must be a source of affliction to all conscientious librarians. It is hard to turn books away, but librarians everywhere are learning to do it.

Professor Langley of the Smithsonian Institution, in his report to the Board of Regents, tells them that he has reached a measure of success in his experiments with flying-machines which seems to justify him in the statement that mechanical flight has been attained. He tells how his steam-bird made two flights last May, of over half a mile, in the presence of Dr. A. Graham Bell, who made a statement of what he had seen to the French Academy. Since then, Professor Langley says, that flight has been nearly doubled. He says, in his report,

> I do not know how far interest in this work may bias my judgment, but it appears to me that in these things, the final accomplishment of which has come under the charge of the Smithsonian Institution, it has made a contribution to the utilities of the world which will be memorable.

Of analogous interest are the experiments of Lieutenant Wise at Governor's Island with aeroplanes. On January 21 he harnessed four kites to a boatswain's chair, and was supported by them for some time at a height of forty-two feet from the ground. He believes that aeroplanes, when their abilities are developed, will prove more useful for military observations than captive balloons. He does not aspire, however, to navigate the empyrean, but merely to ascend, observe, and get safely back to earth.

A sentence in a historical discourse, lately delivered by M. Anatole France before the French Academy, recently set Paris to discussing who got the Empress Eugénie out of the city in September, 1870. M. France spoke of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps as the friend who secured her flight. Dr. Evans, the American dentist, wrote next day to the *Gaulois*, recalling that the Empress came to his house in a cab, and that he took her to London. This story, which is generally familiar, seems to be true, though it is also true that M. de Lesseps helped the Empress to get away from the Tuileries. Strange to say, the discussion brought out no allusion to the story lately published in the Boston *Transcript*, that it was the late General Meredith Read who rescued the Empress, and carried her out of Paris in the consul-general's official equipage.

It seems to be nip and tuck just now in Greater New York between the most distinguished divines and the most reckless penny papers as to which shall make the biggest sensation and occasion the most talk. While Dr. Rainsford, in New York, has set the gossips a-clacking by his censure of ostentatious expenditure, Dr. Lyman Abbott, in Brooklyn, has scandalized some of his brethren by expressing doubts, in a Sunday evening lecture, as to the historical accuracy of the book of Jonah. Dr. Abbott enjoys Jonah, but does not feel constrained to take him and his adventures otherwise than allegorically. Not so all of his clerical brethren, as appeared on January 27, when the Manhattan Association of Congregational Ministers, at its regular winter meeting, passed, almost unanimously, a resolution declaring its emphatic dissent from such handling of the Holy Scriptures, and deploring the probable effect of such teachings.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE NEW SENATORS.

Of the group of new United States Senators whose portraits are herewith given, Thomas C. Platt is the most widely known. It is not that Mr. Platt has even a phantom claim to the label of statesman, but he has evinced a colossal talent as a political boss and organizer of the party machine. This is the second time that he will undertake to represent the State in the Upper Chamber of the national legislature. He was born in Owego, New York, July 15, 1833, and after a year spent in Yale College resigned to enter mercantile life in his native town. He was a man of diversified pursuits for many years—lumberman, banker, and finally railway president. The active friendship of Alonzo B. Cornell, then a power in the State, carried Mr. Platt into his congenial vocation—politics. He was elected to Congress in 1872, and again in 1874, during which terms his career was insignificant, and he was a candidate afterwards who failed to secure the Postmaster-Generalship under Mr. Hayes. Mr. Platt had allied himself naturally with the great Conkling machine, and as chairman of the State Republican Convention at Rochester in 1877 directed the attack against the Hayes administration, leading up to the powerful speech by George William Curtis, and Mr. Conkling's savage rejoinder. The contest to succeed Francis Kernan as United States Senator in 1881 resulted in Platt's election.

His short service of less than four months in this capacity blazed into notoriety through his devotion to the senior New York Senator, with whom he resigned as a consequence of Mr. Conkling's quarrel with President Garfield over the disposition of State patronage. Neither of the two was requested by the New York State Legislature to emerge again from his sulky retirement, as Warner Miller and Elbridge G. Lapham were returned in their places. Mr. Platt was made Quarantine Commissioner in 1880, which he held for eight years. He had in the mean time become president of the United States Express Company. For the last fifteen years Mr. Platt has been chiefly concerned as a politician in building up a great State machine, and he is credited with having been for the last ten years one of the most powerful factors in State elections and legislation. He has taken a leading part in all the national conventions of his party, and was talked of as Mr. Harrison's Secretary of the Treasury. In the St. Louis convention he bitterly opposed Mr. McKinley, and was among the resolute minority which finally forced the convention to adopt a downright gold plank in its platform. The vote which made Mr. Platt Senator was almost unanimous, in spite of the competition of so brilliant and distinguished a rival as Joseph H. Choate.

William E. Mason, gold Republican, who has just been elected by the Illinois Legislature to succeed General John M. Palmer, gold Democrat, as United States Senator, won easily over his competitors, Lorrimer and Hitt. The backbone of the Chicago political machine, from which his candidacy met the most dangerous opposition, was broken when public opinion forced the retirement of Alderman Maddern. Senator-elect Mason was born in Franklinville, New York, July 7, 1850. He moved West as a boy, and received his education at Birmingham College. He studied law at Des Moines in 1870, and afterwards at Chicago, and was almost immediately successful at the bar in the city of his adoption, finally becoming general counsel of the Illinois Central Railroad. After having served in the Assembly, he was elected State Senator in 1882. He made himself prominent in State politics, and was sent to Congress for the two terms beginning 1888 and 1890. Mr. Mason's ambition for the United States Senatorship has been long well known, and his hold in the rural districts has been quite as great as in the city through his vivid and telling art of oratory. Gifted with a large share of humorous imagination and brilliant wit, his reputation as a story-teller almost equals that of President Lincoln.

Boies Penrose, gold Republican, who will succeed J. Donald Cameron, silver Republican, as Senator from Pennsylvania, on March 4, is the intimate friend, socially and politically of Senator Quay, and was the candidate of the Pennsylvania Republican machine, as may be inferred. Descended from the famous Biddle family, and the son of the late Professor Penrose of the University of Pennsylvania, he was born in Philadelphia in 1860, and was graduated at Harvard in 1881, where he took honors. He studied law in the office of Wayne MacVeagh, and shortly after beginning practice was elected to the Legislature. He served four terms in the State Senate, and was elected its president *pro tempore* two successive terms. The sturdy support of Mr. Penrose in 1887 was largely instrumental in the election of Matthew Stanley Quay, and Mr. Quay's debt has been paid this year in kind. Mr. Penrose made no shining mark as a legislator, but has a reputation as an effective public speaker, and a man of scholarly tastes, who is sufficiently wealthy to gratify them. He is also credited by his admirers with being a statesman of reform aspirations, in spite of his political bedfellowship.

The new Republican Senator for Indiana, Charles W. Fairbanks, who will shortly assume the toga worn so long by the veteran Democrat Daniel W. Voorhees, is a resident of Indianapolis, and has been favorably known in his State as journalist, lawyer, and politician. As a railway and corporation lawyer and financier his success has been most noticeable, and it has placed him in the directorate of several important roads, and in the presidency of the Terre Haute and Peoria line. In the caucus fight for nomination his foremost rival was General Lew. Wallace, author of *Ben-Hur*. Born in Ohio in 1852, and graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University, his career has been one of uniform and growing success. He is an intimate friend of the President-elect, and said to be in thorough accord with him in his political views. He is without previous legislative experience, and his first important step in the political world was the temporary chairmanship of the St. Louis convention.

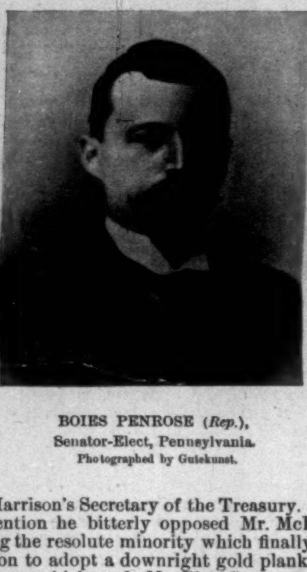
General Richard Roland Kenney, of Dover, Delaware, will succeed Senator Anthony Higgins in the Upper Chamber of Congress, if that body sustains him in his seat against the double contest of Colonel Henry H. Du Pont and of J. Edward Addicks, who has been declared elected by the Addicks rump of the Delaware Legislature. The Republican members refrained from voting throughout. The battle, though waged in a narrow field, was one of great virulence. General Kenney did not take active part in the last Presidential campaign, but he is known to be a free-silver man, and this predilection is supposed to have exerted a powerful influence in his favor. General Kenney belongs to an old Delaware family, is now forty-one years old, and was a graduate of Hobart College, New York. He studied law in 1878 in the office of Chancellor Saulsbury, the father of the man he has just defeated. While an active practical politician, the only offices he has held were those of State Librarian and Adjutant-General of the State. In both of these he proved himself exceptionally competent, and effected great changes for the better. He had always been careful, up to the recent struggle, in holding himself untangled with the fierce faction fighting in Delaware politics.

The new Alabama Senator, General Edmund Winston Pettus, as may be fancied, goes to Washington as an ardent silver Democrat, and is the patriarch of the group outlined in this sketch. General Pettus was forty years old at the outbreak of the late civil war, and bore gallant part from the first tap of the drum, rising to the command of a brigade. Prior to the war he had been prominent at the bar and on the bench; and then, as since, he made himself greatly beloved in his native State by the geniality which tempered great aggressiveness and energy, marking a well-known Southern type. Though hitherto reluctant to accept public office, he is said to have been a strong factor in Alabama politics, and to have taken a principal part in dictating the Democratic State platforms since the war. So, in spite of his inexperience in legislative matters, it cannot be said that he lacks training in State and national politics, especially as he for many years led the Alabama delegations in the Democratic Presidential conventions. He declined to go to Chicago, in view of the Senatorial race in which he had decided to enter.

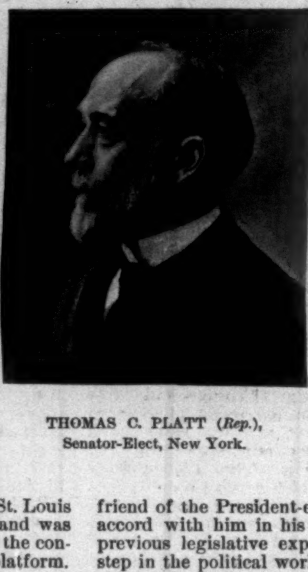
John C. Spooner, gold Republican, will have another term in the Senate as Wisconsin's substitute for Senator Vilas, gold Democrat. He was born in Indiana in 1844, and was graduated at the Wisconsin State University in 1864, which gave him opportunity to serve one year in the war as a private. He became private secretary to Governor Fairchild, and afterwards entered into the practice of law and became Attorney-General. In 1872 he was sent to the Legislature, and in 1885 was made United States Senator. Such a short record does scant justice to a man of talent who made his mark during his six years at Washington. Mr. Spooner was recognized by his fellow-Senators and the country as a strong factor in public life, and as a vigorous debater stood in the front ranks of the Senate.

The new Kansas Senator, William A. Harris, Populist, will succeed the Populist Peffer. He is regarded as one of the most conservative men of his party, and an enemy to its worst vagaries. Fifty-five years old and a Virginian by birth, his career for the most part has been that of civil engineer and farmer. After graduation at Columbian University, Washington, he served in the Confederate army, and with the close of the struggle went to Kansas. He helped to construct the Kansas Pacific Railroad, but in after-years he was mostly devoted to stock-breeding, his Linwood herd of short-horns becoming famous. Colonel Harris's entry into politics was as a member of the Farmers' Alliance, and since that time has been an active Populist. He has served in the State Senate, and in 1892 was elected to Congress, defeating ex-Governor Anthony by a large majority. The most notable feature of his Congressional career was his active fight against the Pacific Railroad Funding Bill.

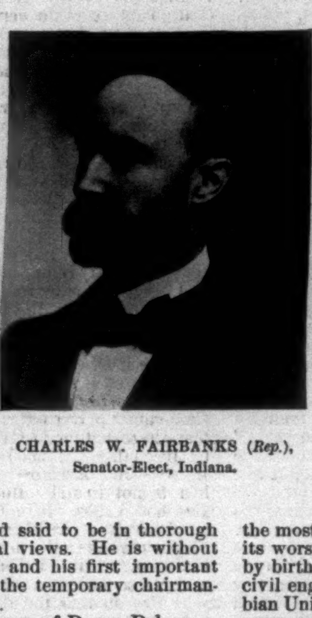
There is little reason to suspect that this group of new Senators will add any future great name to our political history, though they represent a fair Senatorial average of ability. In questions of money legislation the gold-standard element in the Senate will gain two votes by the substitution of Penrose for Cameron, from Pennsylvania, and Fairbanks for Voorhees, from Indiana.



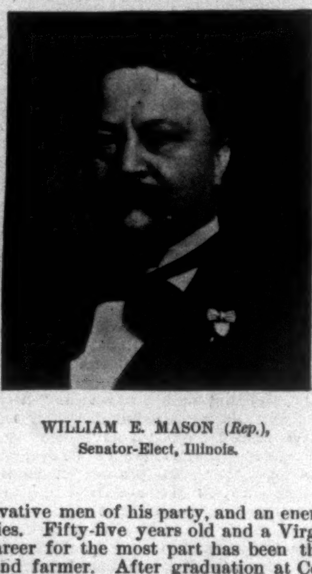
BOIES PENROSE (*Rep.*),
Senator-Elect, Pennsylvania.
Photographed by Gutekunst.



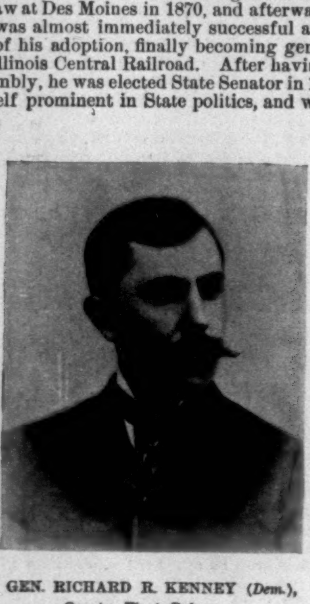
THOMAS C. PLATT (*Rep.*),
Senator-Elect, New York.



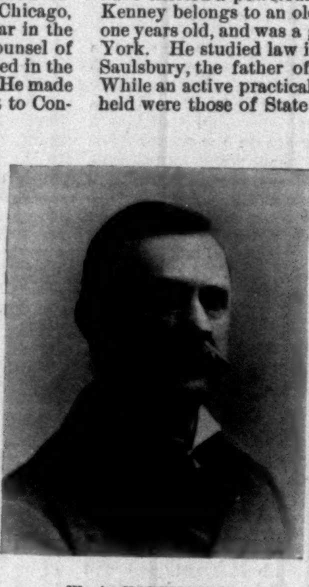
CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS (*Rep.*),
Senator-Elect, Indiana.



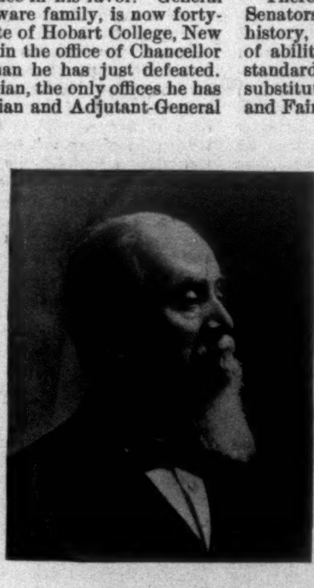
WILLIAM E. MASON (*Rep.*),
Senator-Elect, Illinois.



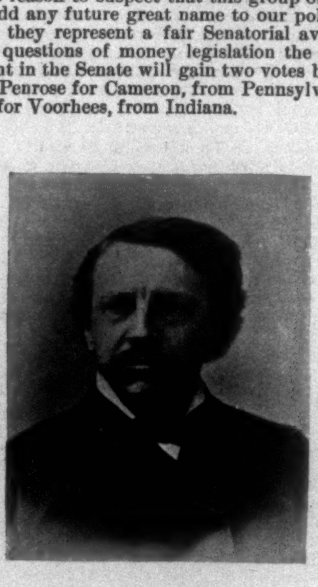
GEN. RICHARD R. KENNEY (*Dem.*),
Senator-Elect, Delaware.



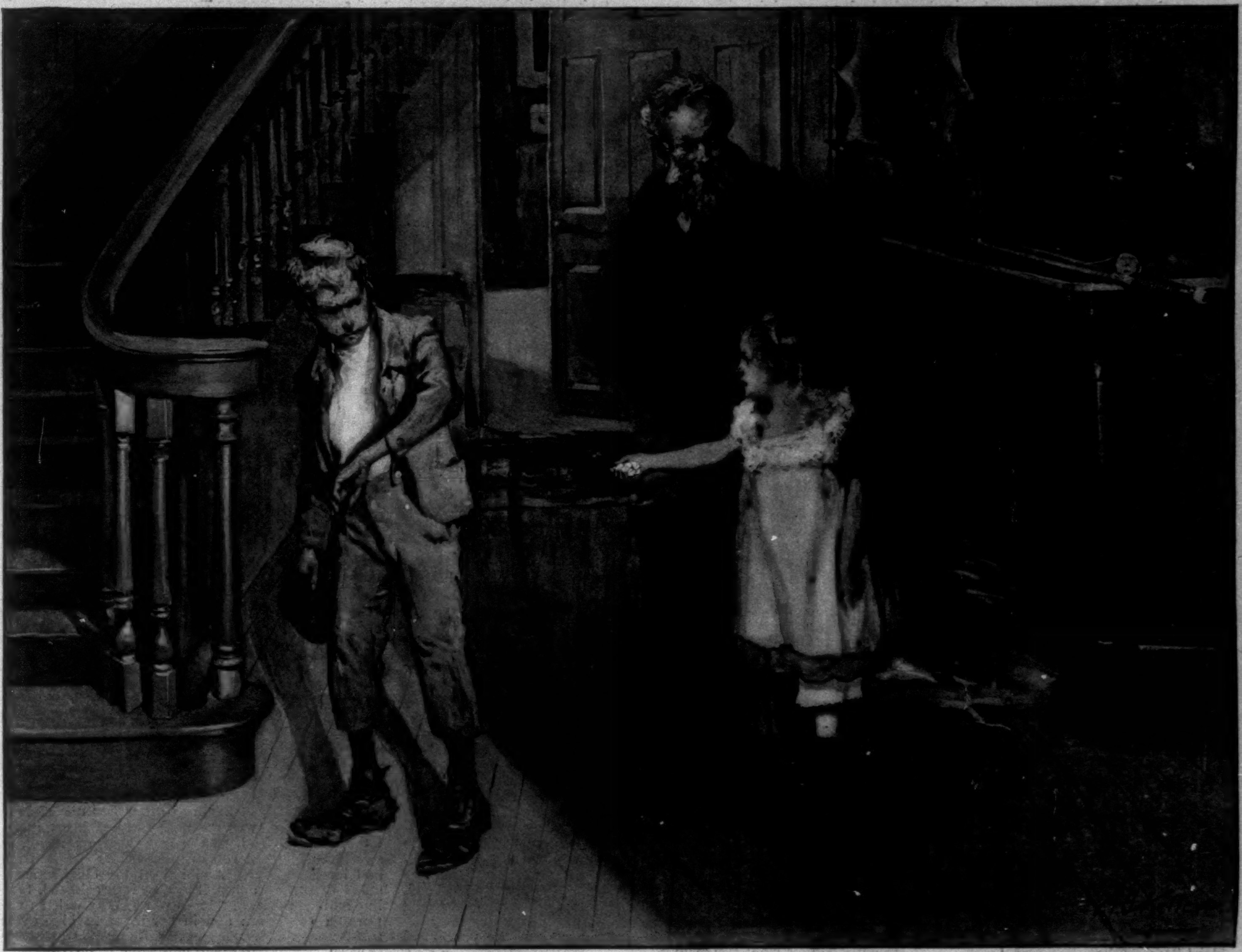
W. A. HARRIS (*Pop.*),
Senator-Elect, Kansas.



GEN. EDMUND W. PETTUS (*Dem.*),
Senator-Elect, Alabama.



JOHN C. SPOONER (*Rep.*),
Senator-Elect, Wisconsin.
Photographed by Curtiss.



JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER VI.

SQUIRE EBEN MERRITT'S house stood behind a file of dark pointed evergreen trees, which had grown and thickened until the sunlight never reached the house-front, which showed, in consequence, green patches of moss and mildew. One entering had, moreover, to turn out, as it were, for the trees, and take a circuitous route around them to the right to the front-door path, which was quite slippery with a film of green moss.

There had been, years ago, a gap betwixt the trees—a gate's width—but now none could enter unless the branches were lopped, and Eben Merritt would not allow that. His respect for that silent file of sylvan giants, keeping guard before his house against winds and rains and fierce snows, was greater than his hospitality and concern for the ease of guests. "Let 'em go round—it won't hurt 'em," he would say, with his great merry laugh, when his wife sometimes suggested that the old gateway should be repaired. However, it was only a few times during the year that the matter disturbed her, for she was not one to falter long at the small stumbling-blocks of life; a cheerful skip had she over them, or a placid glide aside. When she had the minister's daughter and other notable ladies to tea, who held it due to themselves to enter the front door, she was somewhat uneasy lest they draggle their fine petticoats skirting the trees, especially if the grass was dewy, or there was snow; otherwise, she cared not. The Squire's friends, who often came in muddy boots, preferred the east-side door, which was in reality good enough for all but ladies coming to tea, having three stone steps, a goodly protecting hood painted green, with sides of lattice-work, and opening into a fine square hall, with landscape-paper on the walls, whence led the sitting-room and the great middle room, where the meals were served.

Jerome went straight round to this side door and raised the knocker. He had to wait a little while before any one came, and looked about him. He had been in Squire Eben Merritt's east yard before, but now he had a sense of invasion which gave it new meanings for him. A great straggling rose-vine grew over the hood of the door, and its young leaves were pricking through the lattice-work; it was old and needed trimming; there were many long barren shoots of last year on. However, Squire Merritt guarded jealously the freedom of the rose, and would not have it meddled with, arguing that it had thriven thus since the time of his grandfather, who had planted it; that this was its natural condition of growth, and it would die if pruned.

Jerome looked out of this door-arbor, garlanded with the old rose-vine, into a great yard, skirted beyond the driveway with four great flowering cherry-trees, so old that many of the boughs would never bud again, and thrust themselves like skeleton arms of death through the soft masses of bloom out into the blue. One tree there was which had scarcely any boughs left, for the winds had taken them, and was the very torso of a tree, but Squire Eben Merritt would not have even that cut, for he loved a tree past its usefulness as faithfully as he loved an animal. "Well do I remember the cherries I used to eat off that tree, when I was so high," Eben Merritt would say. "Many a man has done less to earn a good turn from me than this old tree, which has fed me with its best fruit. Do you think I'll turn and kill it now?"

He had the roots of the old trees carefully dug about and tended, though not a dead limb lopped. Nurture and not surgery was the doctrine of Squire Merritt. "Let the earth take what it gave," he said; "I'll not interfere."

Jerome had heard these sayings of Squire Merritt's about the trees. They had been repeated, because people thought such ideas queer and showing lack of common-sense. He had heard them unthinkingly, but now, standing on Squire Merritt's door-step, looking at his old tree pensioners, whom he would not desert in their infirmity, he remembered, and the great man's love for his trees gave him reason, with a sudden leap of faith, to believe in his kindness toward him. "I'm better than an old tree," reasoned Jerome, and raised the knocker again boldly and let it fall with a great brazen clang. Then he jumped and almost fell backward when the door was flung open suddenly, and there stood Squire Merritt himself.

"What the devil—" began Squire Merritt; then he stopped and chuckled behind his great beard when he saw Jerome's alarmed eyes. "Hullo," said he, "who have we got here?" Eben Merritt had a soft place in his heart for all small young creatures of his kind, and always returned their timid obeisances, when he met them, with a friendly smile twinkling like light through his bushy beard. Still, like many a man of such general kindly bearings, he could not easily compass details, and oftener than not could not have told which child he greeted.

Eben Merritt, outside his own family, was utterly impartial in magnanimity, and dealing with broad principles rather than individuals. Now he looked hard at Jerome, and could not for the life of him tell what particular boy he was, yet recognized him fully in the broader sense of young helplessness and timid need. "Speak up," said he; "don't be scared. I know all the children, and I don't know one of 'em. Speak up like a man."

Then Jerome, stung to the resolution to show this great Squire Eben Merritt that he was not to be classed among the children, but was a man indeed, and equivalent to the duties of one which had suddenly been thrust upon him, looked his questioner boldly in the face and answered. "I'm Jerome Edwards," said he; "and Abel Edwards was my father."

Eben Merritt's face changed in a minute. He looked gravely at the boy, and nodded with understanding. "Yes, I know now," said he; "I remember. You look like your father." Then he added, kindly, but with a scowl of perplexity as to what the boy was standing there for, and what he wanted: "Well, my boy, what is it? Did your mother send you on some errand to Mrs. Merritt?"

Jerome scraped his foot, his manners at his command by this time, and his old hat was in his hand. "No, sir," said he; "I came to see you, sir, if you please, sir, and mother didn't send me. I came myself."

"You came to see me?"

"Yes, sir," Jerome scraped again, but his black eyes on the Squire's face were quite fearless and steady.

Squire Eben Merritt stared at him wonderingly; then he cast an uneasy glance at his fishing-pole, for he had come to the door with his tackle in his hands, and he gave a wistful thought to the brooks running through the young shadows of the spring woods, and the greening fields, and the still trout-pools he had meant to invade with no delay, and from which this childish visitor, bound probably upon some foolish errand, would keep him. Then he found his own manners, which were those of his good old family, courteous alike to young and old, and rich and poor.

"Well, if you've come to see me, walk in, sir," cried Squire Merritt, with a great access of heartiness, and he laid his fishing-tackle carefully on the long mahogany table in the entry, and motioned Jerome to follow him into the room on the left.

Jerome had never been inside the house before, but this room had a strangeness of its own which made him feel when he entered as if he had crossed the border of a foreign land. It was typically unlike any other room in the village. Jerome, whose tastes were as yet only cultivated ones and departed not from the lines to which they had been born and trained, surveyed it with astonishment and some contempt. "No carpet," he thought, "and no hair-cloth sofa, and no rocking-chair!"

He stared at the great skins of bear and deer which covered the floor, at the great black settle with a high carven back, at a carved chest of black oak, at the smaller pelts of wolf and fox which decorated walls and chairs, at a great pair of antlers, and even a noble eagle sitting

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

in state upon the top of a secretary. Squire Merritt had filled this room and others with his trophies of the chase, for he had been a mighty hunter from his youth.

"Sit down, sir," he told Jerome a little impatiently, for he longed to be away for his fishing, and the stupid abstraction from purpose which unwonted spectacles always cause in childhood are perplexing and annoying to their elders, who cannot leave their concentration for any sight of the eyes if they will.

He indicated a chair, at which Jerome, suddenly brought to himself, looked dubiously, for it had a fine fox-skin over the back, and he wondered if he might sit on it or should remove it.

The Squire laughed. "Sit down," he ordered; "you won't hurt the pelt." And then he asked, to put him at his ease, "Did you ever shoot a fox, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Ever fire a gun?"

"No, sir."

"Want to?"

"Yes, sir."

Jerome did not respond with the ready eagerness which the Squire had expected. He had suddenly resolved in his kindness and pity towards his fatherless state, knowing well the longings of a boy, to take him out in the field and let him fire his gun, and change, if he could, that sad old look he wore, even if he fished none that day; but Jerome disappointed him in his purpose. "He hasn't much spirit," he thought, and stood upon the hearth, before the open fireplace, and said no more, but waited to hear what Jerome had come for.

The Squire was far from an old man, though he seemed so to the boy. He was scarcely middle-aged, and indeed many still called him the "young Squire," as they had done when his father died some fifteen years before. He was a massively built man, standing a good six feet tall in his boots; and in his boots, thick-soled, and rusty with old mud splashes, reaching high above his knees on his buckskin breeches, Squire Eben Merritt almost always stood. He was scarcely ever seen without them, except in the meeting-house on a Sunday—when he went, which was not often. There was a tradition that he in his boots, just home from a quail sortie in the swamp, had once invaded the best parlor where his wife had her lady friends to tea, and which boasted a real Turkey carpet—the only one in town.

Eben Merritt in these great hunting-boots, clad as to the rest of him in stout old buckskin and rough coat, and leather waistcoat, with his great fair and ruddy face well covered by his golden furze of beard, which hung over his breast, lounged heavily on the hearth, and waited with a noble patience, eschewing all desire of fishing, until this pale, grave little lad should declare his errand.

But Jerome, with the great Squire standing waiting before him, felt suddenly tongue-tied. He was not scared, though his heart beat fast; it was only that the words would not come.

The Squire watched him kindly with his bright twinkling blue eyes under his brush of yellow hair. "Take your time," said he, and threw one arm up over the mantel-shelf, and stood as if it were easier for him than to sit, and indeed it might have been so, for from his stalking of woods and long motionless watches at the lair of game he had had good opportunities to accustom himself to rest at ease upon his feet.

Jerome might have spoken sooner had the Squire moved away from before him and taken his eyes from his face, for sometimes too ardent attention becomes a citadel for storming to a young and modest soul. However, at last he turned his own head aside, and his black eyes from the Squire's keen blue eyes, and would then have spoken had not the door opened suddenly and little Lucina come in on a run and stopped short a minute with timid finger to her mouth, and eyes as innocently surprised as a little rabbit's.

Lucina, being unhooded to-day, showed all her shower of shining yellow curls, which covered her little shoulders and fell to her childish waist. Her fat white neck and dimpled arms were all bare and gleaming through the curls, and she wore a lace-trimmed pinafore and a frock of soft blue wool, scalloped with silk around the hem, revealing below the finest starched pantalets, and little morocco shoes.

Squire Eben laughed fondly, to see her start and hesitate, as a man will laugh at the pretty tricks of one he loves. "Come here, Pretty," he cried. "There's nothing for you to be afraid of. This is only poor little Jerome Edwards. Come and shake hands with him," and bade her thus, thinking another child might encourage the boy.

With that Lucina hesitated no longer, but advanced, smiling softly, with the little lady-ways her mother had taught her, and held out her white morsel of a hand to the boy. "How do you do?" she said, prettily, though still a little shyly, for she was mindful how her gingerbread had been refused, and might not this strange poor boy also thrust the hand away with scorn? She said that, and looking down lest that black angry flash of his eyes startle her again, she saw his poor broken shoes, and gave a soft little cry, then made a pitiful lip and stared hard at them with wide eyes full of astonished compassion, for the shoes seemed to her much more forlorn than bare feet.

Jerome's eyes followed hers, and he sprang up suddenly, his face blazing, and made out that he did not see the proffered little hand. "Pretty well," he returned, gruffly. Then he said to the Squire, with no lack of daring now, "Can I see you alone, sir?"

The Squire stared at him a second, then his great chest heaved with silent laughter and his yellow beard stirred as with a breeze of mirth.

"You don't object to my daughter's presence?" he queried, his eyes twinkling still, but with the formality with which he might have addressed the minister.

Jerome scowled with impotent indignation. Nothing escaped him; he saw that Squire Merritt was laughing at him. Again the pitiful rebellion at his state of boyhood seized him. He would have torn out of the room had it not been for his dire need. He looked straight at the Squire, and nodded stubbornly.

Squire Merritt turned to his little daughter and laid a tenderly heavy hand on her smooth curled head. "You'd better run away now and see mother, Pretty," he said. "Father has some business to talk over with this gentleman."

Little Lucina gave a bewildered look up in her father's face, then another at Jerome, as if she fancied she had not seen aright, then she went out obediently, like the good and gentle little girl that she was.

When the door closed behind her, Jerome began at once. Somehow that other child's compassion in the midst of her comfort and security had brought his courage up to the point of attack on fate.

"I want to ask you about the mortgage," said Jerome.

The Squire looked at him with quick interest. "The mortgage on your father's place?"

"Yes, sir."

"Doctor Prescott holds it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much is it?"

"A thousand dollars." Jerome said that with a gasp of horror and admiration at the vastness of it. Sometimes to him that thousand dollars almost represented infinity, and seemed more than the stars of heaven. His childish brain, which had scarcely contemplated in verity more than a shilling at a time of the coin of the realm, reeled at a thousand dollars.

"Well?" observed Squire Merritt, kindly but perplexedly. He wondered vaguely if the boy had come to ask him to pay the mortgage, and reflected how little ready money he had in pocket, for Eben Merritt was not thrifty with his income, which was indeed none too large, and was always in debt himself, though always sure to pay in time. Chances were if Squire Merritt had had the thousand dollars to hand that morning he might have thrust it upon the boy, with no further parley, taken his rod and line, and gone forth to his fishing. As it was, he waited for Jerome to proceed, merely adding that he was sorry that his mother did not own the place clear.

The plan that the boy unfolded, clumsily but sturdily to the end, he had thought out for himself in the darkness of the night before. The Squire listened. "Who planned this out?" he asked, when he had finished.

"I did."

"Who helped you?"

"Nobody did."

"Nobody?"

"No, sir."

Suddenly Squire Eben Merritt seated himself in the chair which Jerome had vacated, seized the boy, and set him upon his knee. Jerome struggled half in wrath, half in fear, but he could not free himself from that great grasp. "Sit still," ordered Squire Eben. "How old are you, my boy?"

"Goin' on twelve, sir," gasped Jerome.

"Only four years older than Lucina. Good Lord!"

The Squire's grasp tightened tenderly. The boy did not struggle longer, but looked up with a wonder of comprehensiveness in the great bearded face bent kindly over his. "He looks at me the way father used to," thought Jerome.

"What made you come to me, my boy?" asked the Squire, presently. "Did you think I could pay the mortgage for you?"

Then Jerome colored furiously and threw up his head. "No, *sir*," said he, proudly.

"Why, then?"

"I came because you are a justice of the peace, and know what law is, and—"

"And what?"

"I've always heard you were pleasanter spoken than he was."

The Squire laughed. "Pleasant words are cheap coin," said he. "I wish I had something better for your sake, child. Now, let me see what it is you propose. That wood-lot of your father's, you say, Doctor Prescott has offered three hundred dollars for."

"Yes, sir."

The Squire whistled. "Didn't your father think it was worth more than that?"

"Yes, sir, but he didn't think he could get any more. He said—"

"What did he say?"

"He said that a poor seller was the slave of a rich buyer; but I think—" Jerome hesitated. He was not used yet to expressing his independent thought.

"Go on," said the Squire.

"I think it works both ways, and the poor man is the slave either way, whether he buys or sells," said the boy, half defiantly, half timidly.

"I guess you're about right," said the Squire, looking at him curiously. "Ever hear your uncle Ozias Lamb say anything like that?"

"No, sir."

"Thought it yourself, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, let's get to business now," said the Squire. "What you want is this, if I understand it: You want Doctor Prescott to buy that wood-lot of your father's for three hundred dollars, or whatever over that sum he will agree to, and you don't want him to pay you money down, but give you his note for it, with interest at six per cent., for as long a term as he will. You did not say give you a note, because you did not know about it, but that is what you want."

Jerome nodded soberly. "I know father paid interest at six per cent., and it was sixty dollars a year, and I know it would be eighteen dollars if it was three hundred dollars instead of a thousand. I figured it out on my slate," he said.

"You are right," said the Squire, gravely. "Now you think that will bring your interest down to forty-two dollars a year, and maybe you can manage that; and if you cannot, you think that Doctor Prescott will pay you cash down for the wood-lot?"

The boy seemed to be engaged in an arithmetical calculation. He bent his brows, and his lips moved. "That would be over seven years' interest money, at forty-two dollars a year, anyway," he said at length, looking at the Squire with shrewdly innocent eyes.

Suddenly Eben Merritt burst into a great roar of laughter, and struck the boy a kindly slap upon his small back.

"By the Lord Harry!" cried he, "you've struck a scheme worthy of the Jews. But you need good Christians to deal with!"

Jerome started and stared at him, half-anxiously, half-resentfully. "Ain't it right, sir?" he stammered.

"Oh, your scheme is right enough; no trouble about that. The question is whether Doctor Prescott is right."

Eben Merritt burst into another roar of laughter as he arose, and set the boy on his feet. "I am not laughing at you, my boy," he said, though Jerome's wondering, indignant eyes upon his face were, to his thinking, past humorous.

Then he laid a hand upon each of the boy's little homespun shoulders. "Go and see Doctor Prescott, and tell him your plan, and—if he does not approve of it, come here and let me know," he said, and seriously enough to suit even Jerome's jealous self-respect.

"Yes, sir," said Jerome.

"And," added the Squire, "you had better go a little after noon—you will be more likely to find him at home."

"Yes, sir."

"Are you afraid to go out alone after dark?" asked the Squire.

"No, sir," replied Jerome, proudly.

"Well, then," said the Squire, "come and see me this evening, and tell me what Doctor Prescott says."

"Yes, sir," replied Jerome, and bobbed his head, and turned to go. The Squire moved before him with his great lounging gait, and opened the door for him with ceremony, as for an honored guest.

Out in the south entry, with her back against the opposite wall, well removed from the south room door, that she might not hear one word not intended for her ears, stood Lucina waiting, with one little white hand clinched tight, as over a treasure. When her father came out, following Jerome, she ran forward to him, pulled his head down by a gentle tug at his great beard, and whispered. Squire Eben laughed and smoothed her hair, but looked at her doubtfully. "I don't know about it, Pretty," he whispered back.

"Please, father," she whispered again, and rubbed her soft cheek against his great arm, and he laughed again, and looked at her as a man looks at the apple of his eye.

"Well," said he, "do as you like, Pretty." With that the little Lucina sprang eagerly forward before Jerome, who, hardly certain whether he were dismissed or not, yet eager to be gone, was edging toward the outer door, and held out to him her little hand curved into a sweet hollow like a cup of pearl, all full of silver coins.

Jerome looked at her, gave a quick shamed glance at the little outstretched hand, colored red, and began backing away.

But Lucina pressed forward, thrusting in his very face her little precious cup of treasure. "Please take this, boy," said she, and her voice rang soft and sweet as a silver flute. "It is money I've been saving up to buy a parrot. But a parrot is a noisy bird, mother says, and maybe I could not love it as well as I love my lamb, and so its feelings would be hurt. I don't want a parrot, after all, and I want you to take this and buy some shoes." So said little Lucina Merritt, making her sweet assumption of selfishness to cover her unselfishness, for the noisy parrot was the desire of her heart, and to her father's eyes she bore the aspect of an angel, and he swallowed a great sob of mingled admiration and awe and intensest love. And indeed the child's face as she stood there had about it something celestial, for every line and every curve therein were as the written words of purest compassion; and in her innocent blue eyes stood self-forgetful tears.

Even the boy Jerome, with the pride of poverty in which he had been born and bred, like a bitter savor in his heart, stared at her a moment, his eyes dilated, his mouth quivering, and half advanced his hand to take the gift so sweetly offered. Then all at once the full tide of self rushed over him with all its hard memories and resolutions. His eyes gave out that black flash of wrath, which the poor little Lucina had feared, yet braved and forgot through her fond pity, he dashed out the back of his hand so roughly against that little tender one that all the silver pieces were jostled out to the floor, and dashed out of the door.

Squire Eben Merritt made an indignant exclamation and one threatening stride after him, then stopped, and caught up the weeping little Lucina, and sought to soothe her as best he might.

"Never mind, Pretty, never mind, Pretty," he said, rubbing his rough face against her soft one, in a way which was used to make her laugh. "Father'll buy you a parrot that will talk the roof off."

"I don't—want a parrot, father," sobbed the little girl. "I want the boy to have shoes."

"Summer is coming, Pretty," said Squire Eben, laughingly and caressingly, "and a boy is better off without shoes than with them."

"He won't—have any—for next winter."

"Oh, yes he shall. I'll fix it so he shall earn some for himself before then—that's the way, Pretty. Father was to blame—he ought to have known better than to let you offer money to him. He's a proud child." The Squire laughed. "Now, don't cry any more, Pretty. Run away and play. Father's going fishing, and he'll bring you home some pretty pink fishes for your supper. Don't cry any more, because poor father can't go while you cry, and he has been delayed a long time, and the fishes will have eaten their dinner and won't bite, if he doesn't hurry."

Lucina, who was docile even in grief, tried to laugh, and when her father set her down with a great kiss, which seemed to include her whole rosy face pressed betwixt his two hands, picked up her rejected silver from the floor, put it away in the little box in which she kept it, and sat down in a window of the south room to nurse her doll. She nodded and laughed dutifully when her father, going forth at last to the still pools and the brook courses, with his tackle in hand, looked back and nodded whimsically at her.

However, her childish heart was sore beyond immediate healing, for the wounds received from kindness spurned and turned back as a weapon against one's self are deep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FEBRUARY MORNING.

THE steel-hoofed clatter of the street awakes,
High steeples pierce a sweep of wintry blue
That downward pales into an amber hue.
Sparrows that fuss and gossip in the coping—
Unwilling toil of lives that go on hoping
For change and rest, and so the morning breaks.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

DR. NANSEN'S VOYAGE AND ADVENTURES.

EVERYBODY has either said himself or has often heard the remark that he cannot see what earthly good comes of all the suffering and peril explorers meet among the ice wastes of the polar regions. Perhaps those who hold this opinion will modify their judgment a little in view of the very substantial good that is pouring in upon Dr. Fridtjof Nansen just now. The London *Chronicle* paid him $7500 for a telegram of 1500 words summarizing his voyage and its results. The same newspaper secured from him a more detailed story, 15,000 words with pictures, for which he received $20,000. He has sold the British rights in the book he is writing for $50,000, and the French rights of translation for $20,000. He will receive large sums for his book in other languages, and a fortune awaits him on the lecture platform. The Royal Geographical Society of London is preparing a special medal for him, and talks of engaging Albert Hall for his appearance before that body in February. To be sure, Dr. Nansen's good luck has been phenomenal, his achievements exceptional, and his rewards will be in proportion. This article is condensed from Nansen's own story of his three years' adventures as told in the London *Chronicle*, in which he gives interesting details not published elsewhere.

Nansen attributes his success most of all to his fine ship, the *Fram*, upon whose rounded outlines the ice could get no hold, so that ice pressure lifted instead of crushing her. Built of picked material, strengthened to the utmost in every point, Nansen describes the journey on the *Fram* as "a real pleasure and a holiday trip." He had no difficulty in raising the money, over $100,000, needed to build the *Fram* and equip her for a six years' voyage. The funds were voted by the Norwegian Storthing and donated by private citizens in Norway.

The *Fram* stood off down Christiania Fiord on June 24, 1893, and very few arctic authorities expected ever to hear of Nansen's return. North of Europe the ice stopped him, and he reached Yugor Strait, the entrance to the Kara Sea, a little later than he liked. There was danger that new ice would stop him long before he reached the New Siberia Islands, where he hoped to begin the northern drift. So he hurried thirty-two Siberian sledge-dogs aboard, and, in a dense fog, started through the dangerous strait, he and another man piloting the way in the steam-launch to sound the channels. The next day they were in the Kara Sea, battling their way eastward through ice-floes, and it was six weeks before they ran into the pack for the long drift. On the way along the Asian coast they saw some interesting things. Northwest of the Yenisei River they discovered a hitherto unknown island, which Nansen named Sverdrup Island, after the captain of the *Fram*. They learned that the Siberian coast-line differs much from the representation of it on the maps, and they were continually finding new islands. The coast is deeply indented with fiords, with a belt of rocks and islands outside of it, like the west coast of Norway, though the fiords are not so deep nor the mountains so high. They found erratic rocks and moraines in various places, showing that a glacial period once covered northern Siberia with an ice sheet.

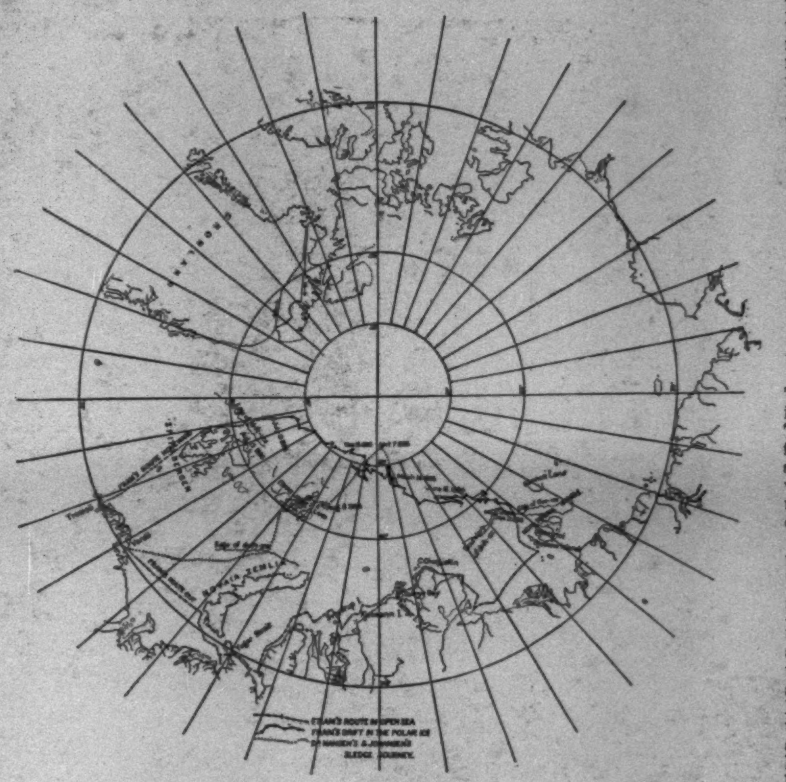
On September 8 Nansen went ashore on Cape Chelyuskin, the most northern point of Asia. It consists of large clay plains, strewn with huge blocks of granite, porphyry, and other rocks. The *Fram*, fortunately, was able to round this far northern peninsula, and five days later she was off the Olenek River, where twenty-six sledge-dogs were awaiting her. Nansen needed those dogs, but it was very late, there was danger of running aground in the shallow waters, and if he were caught and frozen in, a whole year would be lost. Nansen dared not run the risk, and so he shaped his course for the New Siberia Islands, passed to the west of them, entered a deep indentation in the southern edge of the polar ice cap, and on September 22 made fast to an iceberg in 78° 50′ N. lat., and 133° 37′ E. long. The ice was soon packed closely around the ship. This ice covering of the polar sea is probably never at rest. For the first few days the *Fram* was drifted to the north, and hope rose high; then north winds drove the ice south again, and a month and a half after they had entered the pack they were about fifty miles south of the place where they began the drift. It seemed as though everything was against them. But at last the longed-for south and southeast winds came, and the winter drift to the north and northwest began in earnest.

The *Fram* had not been in the pack ten days before the ice pressures began to be tremendous. This was chiefly due to the tidal current. Twice every day the ice parted and packed together again. Often the vessel was lifted several feet, and dropped back again as soon as the ice opened a little. No other vessel that Nansen ever saw could have stood this pressure. The ice would pile up and crash against the sides of the ship with so much noise that the men could not hear one another speak as they sat in the saloon. They were wonderfully cool. They would play cards at the table when they had to shout to make their declarations heard above the din of the grinding ice mass. The *Fram* was superior to all pressure, and there was no yielding in her timbers. At first the men would rush on deck to see the sight, but they soon grew accustomed to the crushing, and feeling safe as in a fortress, they paid little heed to it.

The temperature was low all through that first winter. For many weeks the mercury was frozen. But even in the coldest weather the crew were quite comfortable on their open-air excursions in heavy woollen clothes and wind-proof covering. The *Fram* was so well protected against cold that they had no fire in the saloon till after New-Year. When there was wind enough to turn the windmill that worked the dynamo there was an abundance of electric light, but at other times they depended upon ordinary oil-lamps. The time passed quickly even in the arctic night. The scientific corps had time for little else than their various observations. Those who were not thus occupied found abundant entertainment in a capital library, games, music, and various kinds of work. Every man was on good terms with his neighbor, and did his duty with a will.

They drifted to all parts of the compass, just as the wind blew, and if the actual course were marked on a map it would be so full of loops and knots that little could be made of it. But through the winter and spring the main drift was to the northwest, while in summer the northerly winds stopped them. Early in the winter Nansen discovered the deep Polar Sea. The ocean was only about ninety fathoms deep from the Siberian coast to 79° N. lat.; then it deepened very rapidly until it was between 1600 and 1900 fathoms, and it maintained this oceanic depth throughout the remainder of the *Fram's* drift. This deep polar basin was the greatest of Nansen's discoveries. He found very little organic life in the numerous bottom samples he brought to the surface.

In June, 1894, the *Fram* reached 81° 52′ N. lat. Then came the northwest winds which drove her south again, and four months passed before she regained her lost ground. About New-Year's, 1895, she passed 83° 24′, the most northern latitude, until then, attained by man. But the little crew was too burdened with anxiety just then to feel exultant. The *Fram* was subjected for two days to the greatest pressures of her journey. She was fast frozen in ice that was thirty feet thick. Across this came gliding immense masses of ice, which piled up on the port side above the gunwales and high up the rigging. The vessel might be buried if she were not crushed. Scarcely a man thought she could live. Sledges, boats, and supplies were taken out on the ice. All were ready to abandon ship, and no one slept unless fully clothed. Beams and timbers groaned and creaked—and then the triumph came. The *Fram* broke loose from her ice bed and was slowly lifted. The danger was over, and not a crack or splinter was found in her timbers.



ROUTES TRAVELLED BY DR. NANSEN AND THE "FRAM."

By this time Nansen felt certain that his vessel would drift, as he had predicted, across the polar area, and emerge in the open water between Spitzbergen and Greenland. He decided to carry out a new plan, which was to examine by sledge the sea north of the *Fram's* course. He chose as his companion Lieutenant Johansen, and left the command of the remainder of the expedition on the *Fram* in the hands of Captain Sverdrup, who, he felt sure, would bring the vessel safely home. Some busy weeks were given to preparing for the journey. The provisions were of the best kinds of dried and highly condensed foods, chiefly meat, fish, oatmeal, and biscuits. Two kayaks, modelled after the Eskimo skin boats, were built with bamboo frames covered with canvas, each weighing forty pounds. As there was small chance of his refinding the *Fram*, drifting in the ice as she was, Nansen's plan was to go north as far as he could, and then make for Franz-Josef Land and Spitzbergen, where he would certainly meet some vessel. He started on February 26, 1895, but four days' work convinced him that his sledges were too heavily laden, and he returned to the ship. It was March 14 when he again said good-by to his comrades, this time in earnest. He had twenty-eight dogs and three sledges, two carrying the kayaks. The sun had returned and the long arctic day was before him.

The ice was fairly smooth at first, and Nansen and Johansen made good days' marches. They thought that as their sledge-loads grew lighter they might cover greater distances; but the floes grew more and more uneven, and it became very difficult to pull the sledges over the piled-up ridges of ice. On such ice the dogs were of little use. They would wait patiently till the men had dragged the sledges safely over the obstruction. Then the dogs could haul across the short stretch of level ice to the next ridge. The ice was in constant movement, thundering all around them, and what was worse, it was moving south, and thus they lost many hard-won miles. At last, on April 7, after two weeks of most toilsome sledging, Nansen decided that it would be unwise to go further north. If the travelling were like this towards Franz-Josef Land, it might be difficult to get there at all. He was then in 86° 14′ N. lat., and about 95° E. long. From the highest hummock he could see only packed and piled-up ice as far as the horizon. No land had been seen since leaving the Siberian coast.

For three weeks the temperature was about 40° below zero. To save weight the men had left their furs on the *Fram*. It was bitterly cold in their woollen garments, which were transformed by perspiration into icy coats of mail. Under these trying conditions they set their faces to the southwest on April 8. After a day's march the ice became better, but soon a new obstacle appeared. They began to meet channels in the ice, over which a thin covering of young ice had formed, and neither kayaks nor sledges could cross them. The men had to travel for miles and sometimes waste half a day to get around one of these channels, which became more numerous the farther south they advanced. Meanwhile the provisions were dwindling. Dogs had to be killed one after another to feed to the remainder. Some of them at first declined to eat dog, but as their hunger grew it became difficult to keep them away from a dead animal as soon as he had been killed. Dog rations were gradually reduced to the smallest amount that would keep them alive and serviceable as long as possible. Often an animal would pull faithfully in his harness until he suddenly dropped, unable to stand any longer. Then he was killed at once, or placed on a sledge to be killed at the evening camp.

June was a terrible month, for the channels were more numerous, the skis, or Norwegian snow-shoes, and the sledge runners broke through the crust and sank deep into the soft wet snow, the number of dogs had become very small, and rations had to be reduced to a minimum for both men and dogs. Advance seemed almost hopeless, but there was nothing to do but struggle on. By the middle of June they were not far from where Payer had marked land on his map, but they could see no land. Still they floundered southward. In the nick of time fortune smiled for them. They secured fresh food at last, and were saved from death on the ice waste. On June 22 they shot a large seal, and a little later killed three bears. They now had abundance of food, and their two remaining dogs were well fed on raw meat. The snow was so soft that they decided to wait till more of it melted, and so they camped, and made no further effort to advance for four weeks. Hope revived with their returning strength, and the struggle to reach a haven began again on July 22. Two days later, in about 82° N. lat., they came within sight of land, but a fortnight more of hard work and danger was to pass before they reached terra firma.

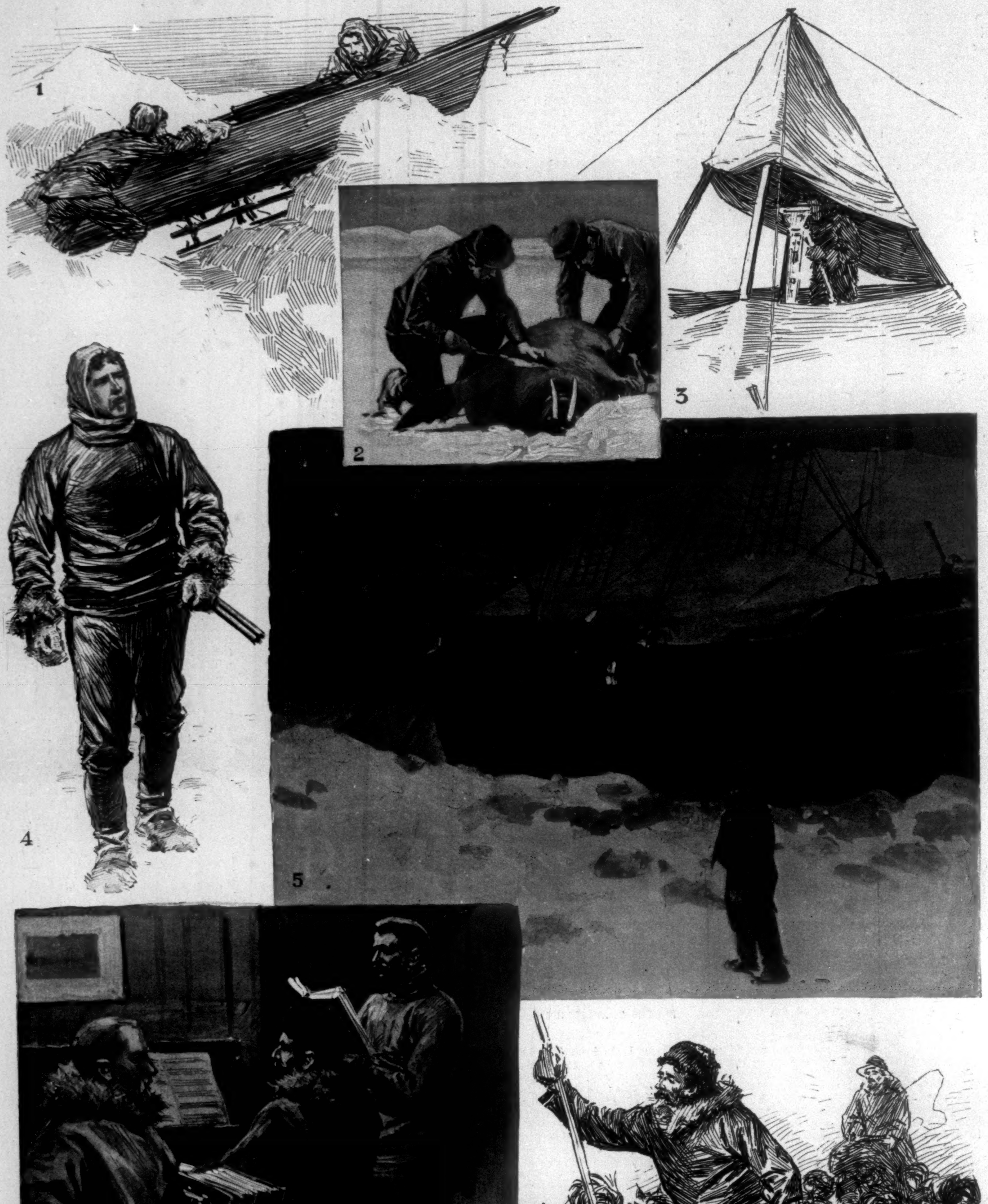
The ice became broken into small floes. The channels were filled with crushed ice in which they could not use their kayaks. They could get along only by leaping from one ice-floe to another, dragging their sledges, and fearful of losing them in the water. They could not utilize the two remaining dogs, and they were shot and left on the drift-ice.

There was one thrilling episode among these ice cakes. One day they were about to start over a clear channel in the kayaks. Nansen was bending over his boat, when he heard a noise behind him, and turning round, he saw a bear standing over Johansen, who was clutching the beast by the throat. "Hurry, or you will be too late," said the prostrate man. A moment later Nansen fired, and the bear fell dead between them. Johansen had received only a slight scratch on the back of one hand, and the lucky men went on, well supplied with fresh bear meat.

At last, on August 6, land was reached in 81° 38′ N. lat., and 63° E. long., and a few days later, when the fog lifted, they saw a chain of islands to the west and south. It was a bit of Franz-Josef Land, but nothing was seen to agree with Payer's map. They went on to the southwest to these other islands. It was August 26 when they landed. The season was far advanced; the place they had reached seemed well fitted for a winter camp, and there they decided to remain.

There was plenty of walrus and bear. They set to work to shoot walrus, whose blubber was desirable for their winter fire and light. They had to give up trying to drag these huge animals up on the land or ice, and the only thing to do was to lie on them in the water while removing their hides and blubber. They shot bears for their winter store of food. After laying in a temporary supply, they set to work on their hut, which was built of stone, earth, and moss. How to make the roof was a problem. Fortunately they found a piece of drift-timber, which they used as a ridge-pole. They stretched walrus-hides over it, which they weighted at the edges with large stones. Snow was packed on top of this. There were no stones suitable for a chimney, and so they fashioned one out of ice and snow, which had to be renewed two or three times during the winter.

Walrus blubber and bear's fat were used for cooking, lighting, and heating. Bear's flesh and fat were the only food. They cooked twice a day. In the evening the meat was fried in an aluminum pan; in the morning it was boiled. Bear-skins covered the floor, and for purposes of warmth both men slept in one bear-skin sleeping-bag. The hut was partly protected from the winter storms by the fact that much of it was below the level of the ground. With the aid of lamps the temperature inside was kept at about the freezing-point. In the long winter night there was no work to do. An ample food-supply had been secured, and the men were quite comfortable in their low hut. They did little else than sleep, eat, and sleep again. When the weather was good they would take an hour's walk every day in the dark; but often they would lie quite still in their hut for days at a time, until the need of getting ice to melt for drinking-water or to drag in a leg or the carcass of a bear routed them out. Foxes would



DR. NANSEN'S VOYAGE AND ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF THE NORTH POLE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 131.]

1. Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen hauling a Kayak over an Ice Ridge. 2. Skinning a Walrus. 3. Magnetic Observations on the Ice. 4. Dr. Fridtjof Nansen. 5. The *Fram* in Winter Quarters, drifting North. 6. Sunday Afternoon in the Cabin. 7. Paddling to Cape Flora. 8. Dog-driving.

NEW YORK'S SUPERFLUOUS SNOW—HOW THE STREET-CLEANING DEPARTMENT HANDLES IT.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

1. Dumping Snow taken from the Streets into the East River. 2. Helping Hands—a familiar Scene after a Storm. 3. Breaking up and scattering a Drift. 4. The last of the Snow.

sometimes sit on the roof of their hut, but ammunition was running too low to waste on them. Bears were the smallest game that would pay for the cartridges. "On the whole," writes Nansen, "the winter passed in a manner beyond our expectation. Our health was excellent; and if we had only had a few books, a little flour, and a little sugar, we were both agreed that we could have lived like lords."

At last came spring, with sunshine and flowers. A few days before the sun appeared a flock of little auks flitted past, the harbingers of awakening life. There were indications of open water in the south, and Nansen hoped to make a quick and easy passage to Spitzbergen, partly over open water and partly over the drift ice. The story of the short journey down the coast to the south side of Franz-Josef Land is well known. They found friends, and there was no longer any thought of going on to Spitzbergen. Early one morning Nansen was sure he heard the barking of dogs. He ran to Johansen, who was in the sleeping-bag, and shouted, "I have heard dogs barking!" Nansen put on his skis and dashed off across the ice. As he neared the shore he saw a man coming towards him. It was Mr. Jackson, the leader of the English expedition to Franz-Josef Land; and hearty was the handshake with which he welcomed the wayfarer from the farthest north.

Meanwhile the *Fram* had been slowly drifting, until she was to the north of Franz-Josef Land, and though driven back at times by summer winds, she gradually made progress, till at last she was to the north of Spitzbergen. In all the long journey she was constantly exposed to pressure, but none so severe as that Nansen had witnessed. The great depth of the sea continued, until at last the water began to shallow as the vessel worked nearer to Spitzbergen. During the whole voyage the aurora borealis was of very common occurrence. It was often of great brilliancy, and might be seen nearly every day when the sky was clear. In June and July last the crew began to see some prospect of forcing their way south to open water. In the first place, they had to break up the ice in which the *Fram* was embedded by blasting. It required careful work, in order to do no damage. Gun-cotton proved more effective than gunpowder. After two or three days the *Fram* was free, and on July 19 the hard task of forcing her through the closely packed ice began. It seemed an almost hopeless undertaking, for no open water was visible; but on they went, steaming and warping bit by bit, and blasting when they were brought to a complete standstill. They kept up this work for a month, and in that time broke their way through 150 miles of thick arctic ice; and on August 13, the very day on which Nansen and Johansen arrived at Vardö, Norway, on Mr. Jackson's supply steamer *Windward*, the *Fram* emerged from the ice into open water, just a little northwest of Spitzbergen.

Late on the night of August 20 the *Fram* cast anchor in the little harbor of Skjaervö, Finmark. Captain Sverdrup rowed ashore to send a despatch giving the glad news of the *Fram's* safe return. He pounded at the door of the telegraph office, and soon a window above was opened, and an aggrieved person gave voice to his complaint:

"It's a pity one cannot get a quiet night's sleep. Who are you, and what do you want?"

"My name is Sverdrup, and I'm the captain of the *Fram*."

"Oh! I'll be down directly." The voice was most cheerful and gracious this time. The door was opened a minute later. "Nansen and Johansen have come home," said the telegraph operator.

Sverdrup waited to hear no more. He sped down to the beach to tell his comrades, and they hugged one another in mad joy. The news was sent out over the water to the *Fram*, and was received with a salute of two guns. The luckiest and one of the most successful of arctic expeditions was home again. It had done great things, and not a man was missing.

THE WATER FAMINE IN BROOKLYN.

BY GEORGE E. WARING, JUN., M. INST. C. E.

We are getting sad accounts of the portentous condition of the water-supply of Brooklyn. The new wells are disappointing in their results, and at the present rate it will soon become necessary to seek some distant source of supply and new means of storage,—and all this at a cost which the city cannot meet without some such addition to its financial resources as consolidation with New York would furnish.

This is the old, old story. Only one way seems to suggest itself to our water-works engineers for meeting an impending shortage. This is, to go farther and farther afield and to draw on remote water-sheds, at whatever cost. Water must be "as free as air," and the people must be allowed to use it and to waste it at their own sweet will, no matter what it costs to supply them. Every attempt to check this tendency is frowned down, often by the very men who should be the first and most zealous in regulating use and in preventing waste.

The simple truth is that Brooklyn has, in the works on which it is now depending, water enough to last it for every possible proper use for so many years to come that there is now no need even to consider a further source of supply.

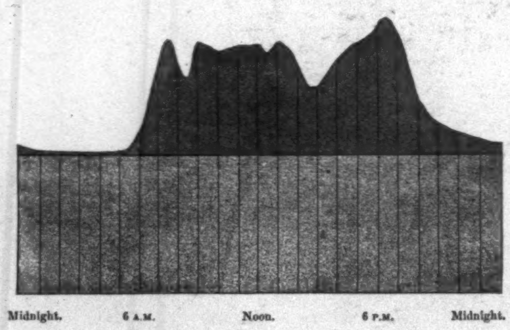
The millions it is proposed to spend to get more water may be saved by a proper application of relatively insignificant thousands to the prevention of waste. It has come to be the prevalent notion that no town is safe—in this country, at all events—unless it has at least 100 gallons per day for each person of its population. It is a fact, well known to those who have made a study of the matter, that less than one-third of this amount would suffice for the most liberal needs of any community. This opinion is fully supported by English experience. In 1881 the Liverpool water-works engineer (J. Parry) reported that the average rate of consumption *for all purposes* was 23 (imperial) gallons per head *per diem*, divided thus: for trade purposes (by meter) 5 gallons; for miscellaneous trade purposes (not by meter), and for public sanitary uses, 3 gallons; for domestic purposes, shops, offices, public houses, hotels, warehouses, public buildings, and all waste, 15 gallons. (The equivalent of 23 imperial gallons is about 27½ United States gallons.) He says, "There is probably no modern city in which the legitimate demand for water and the facilities for using it are greater than in Liverpool." Water-closets are general, and it has long been the practice to supply baths in all houses of more than $90 annual value. "Public baths and wash-houses are provided to a larger extent than in any city in the country. Public drinking-fountains are numerous, and water is freely used in flushing sewers and drains and in street-sprinkling."

The water is under a constant pressure, carrying it to the top of every house; fire-hose is used with the hydrant pressure, without the intervention of fire-engines.

This result has been secured by the systematic prevention of waste inaugurated by Chief-Engineer G. F. Deacon. His work included means for detecting waste in houses by an outside inspection, and for locating wastes in the water-mains; also for insuring the use of tested non-leaking fittings in all cases. The late Thomas Hawksley, a distinguished engineer, said of Mr. Deacon's work: "As a consequence of the admirable method he has devised and adopted for the discovery, suppression, and prevention of waste, the municipality has emerged, as respects the quantity of water at its disposal, from a state of actual poverty—poverty in the midst of plenty—to a condition of redundant wealth. It has enough and to spare."

The road Mr. Deacon has pointed out is the road by which Brooklyn may travel from threatened famine to assured abundance. As a proof of the value of Mr. Deacon's system, Mr. Hawksley cited the cases of Oxford and Cambridge, saying: "In the former, where no efficient regulations are in use, the quantity delivered is 80 gallons per head; in the latter, where efficient regulations are in use, the quantity delivered is 18 gallons."

In a discussion before the Institution of Civil Engineers (London) in 1894, Sir Frederick Bramwell spoke of the "pure waste," the waste going on in the water-mains, without even the knowledge of the consumer. To illustrate his statement he produced the following diagram:



SIR FREDERICK BRAMWELL'S DIAGRAM OF "PURE WASTE" WATER.

The lower parallelogram (with light hatching) represents the water that leaks away into the ground during the whole twenty-four hours, going absolutely to waste without getting to the consumer at all. The water passing into the house, there to be used or wasted, is represented by the irregular figure (with dark hatching) above the horizontal line. The amount flowing from midnight to five o'clock in the morning is very small. It increases rapidly from half past five till half past seven, continues abundant until eight in the evening, and then falls steadily until midnight. This house use and waste can be brought under control. But the speaker's contention related only to the constant street waste. What he complained of was "the expenditure of water indicated by the parallelogram beneath, and anything that would get rid of this waste ought to be received with interest, and we should do our best to further its adoption." The leaking from the mains not only wastes the water, it lessens the pressure of the whole system.

The same speaker referred to the case of Philadelphia, where the daily supply per capita increased from 68 gallons in 1880 to 131 gallons in 1890. He quoted from the report of the Philadelphia Water Bureau (1890):

"*Wasted Water*.—No one would pretend to believe that this represents water actually consumed for either household or manufacturing purposes, and that in 1890 there should have been required 131 gallons per day, or 63 gallons per day more than in 1880, for every man, woman, and child in Philadelphia. On the contrary, everybody must be satisfied that these figures represent a flagrant waste of water."

Ernest Collins, M. Inst. C. E., in 1882, applied the waste-water-meter system in Shoreditch. Before that time there had been only a superficial house to house inspection for the suppression of waste. All supplies are controlled by meters. Deducting what was used for trade and municipal purposes, he has constructed the following tables:

	1882. Gallons.	1883. Gallons.	1884. Gallons.	1885. Gallons.*
Consumption per head per day	7.3	6.6	6.9	6.7
Waste per head per day	29.5	20.6	9.6	7.4
Supply per head per day	36.8	27.2	16.5	14.1
Total daily supply.....	3,204,234	2,375,920	1,440,017	1,232,819

The daily waste was reduced in three years by 75 per cent., and the daily waste and consumption combined by 60 per cent. The population supplied was about 87,000. At the rate of 1885 the supply of 1882 would have sufficed for a population of more than 200,000.

Brooklyn can make at least a corresponding saving, and this would postpone the need for worry about water until its population exceeds the present population of New York city. More need not be said to show the absurdity of the present scare.

I have tried to state this case without ambiguity, and my convictions concerning it are strong. I do not know who is responsible for the conduct of the water-supply of Brooklyn, and it is not important. Whoever it is is doing only what others in like position are doing the country over. It is the habit of all to look at water-supply questions from the stand-point of gigantic engineering works. It is quite time for them, one and all, to abandon their extension schemes until they shall have fully developed the possibilities of waste-saving.

* Imperial.

LONDON.

January 15, 1897.

I am afraid the interest of the world of native letters is not at this moment so great as to make us despise mere translation as an aid to curiosity. There is indeed no reason why we should forbear to say in advance what we are certain, every time, to say after (after the heat has cooled, I mean:) namely, that nothing is easier to concede than that Ibsen—contentious name!—would be much less remarked if he were one of a dozen. It is impossible, in London at least, to shut one's eyes to the fact that if to so many ingenious minds he is a kind of pictorial monster, a grotesque on the sign of a side-show, this is at least partly because his form has a monstrous rarity. It is one of the odd things of our actual æsthetics that the more theatres multiply the less any one reads a play—the less any one cares, in a word, for the text of the adventure. That no one ever *does* read a play has long been a commonplace of the wisdom of booksellers. Ibsen, however, is a text, and Ibsen is read, and Ibsen contradicts the custom and confounds the prejudice, with the effect thereby, in an odd way, of being doubly an exotic. His violent substance imposes, as it were, his insidious form; it is not (as would have seemed more likely) the form that imposes the substance. Mr. William Archer has just published his version of *John Gabriel Borkman*, of which, moreover, French and German versions reach us at the same moment. There are therefore all the elements of a fresh breeze in the wind—one has already a sense as of a cracking of whips and a girding of loins. You may by this time be terribly tired of it all in America; but, as I mentioned a fortnight ago, we have had very recent evidence that languor, here, in this connection, is by no means as yet the dominant note. It is not the dispute itself, however, that most interests me: let me pay it, for what it has been and what it still may be, the mere superficial tribute of saying that it constitutes one of the very few cases of contagious discussion of a matter not political, a question not of mere practice, of which I remember to have felt, in a heavy air, the engaging titillation. In London, in general, I think, the wandering breath of criticism is the stray guest at the big party—the shy young man whom nobody knows. In this remarkable instance the shy young man has ventured to pause and hover, has lighted on a topic, introduced himself and, after a gasp of consternation in the company, seen a little circle gather round him. I can only speak as one of the little circle, testifying to my individual glee.

The author who at the age of seventy, a provincial of provincials, turns out *John Gabriel* is frankly, for me, so much one of the peculiar pleasures of the day, one of the current strong sensations, that, erect as he seems still to stand, I deplore his extreme maturity and, thinking of what shall happen, look round in vain for any other possible source of the same kind of emotion. For Ibsen strikes me as an extraordinary curiosity, and every time he sounds his note the miracle, to my perception, is renewed. I call it a miracle because it is a result of so dry a view of life, so indifferent a vision of the comedy of things. His idea of the thing represented is never the comic idea; though this is evidently what it often only can be for many of his English readers and spectators. Comedy, moreover, is a product mainly of observation, and I scarcely know what to say of his figures except that they haven't the *signs*. The answer to that is doubtless partly that they haven't the English, but have the Norwegian. In such a case one of the Norwegian must be in truth this very lack of marks.

They have no tone but their moral tone. They are highly animated abstractions, with the extraordinary, the brilliant property of becoming, when represented, at once more abstract and more living. If the spirit is a lamp within us, glowing through what the world and the flesh make of us as through a ground-glass shade, then such pictures as *Little Eyolf* and *John Gabriel* are each a *chassez-croisez* of lamps burning, as in tasteless parlors, with the flame practically exposed. There are no shades in the house, or the Norwegian groundglass is singularly clear. There is a positive odor of spiritual paraffine. The author nevertheless arrives at the dramatist's great goal—he arrives, for all his meagreness, at intensity. The meagreness, which is after all but an unconscious, an admirable economy, never interferes with that: it plays straight into the hands of his rare mastery of form. The contrast between this form—so difficult, so civilized, so even *raffinée*—and the bareness and bleakness of his little northern democracy is the source of half the hard, frugal charm that he puts forth. In the cold, fixed light of it the notes that we speak of as deficiencies take a sharp value in the picture. There is no small-talk, there are scarcely any manners. On the other hand there is so little vulgarity that that of itself has almost the effect of a deeper, a more lonely provincialism. The background, at any rate, is the sunset over the ice. Well in the very front of the scene lunges, with extraordinary length of arm, the Ego against the Ego, and rocks, in a rigor of passion, the soul against the soul—a spectacle, a movement as definite as the relief of silhouettes in black paper or of a train of Eskimo dogs on the snow. Down from this desolation the sturdy old symbolist comes, this time, with a supreme example of his method. It is a high wonder and pleasure to welcome such splendid fruit from sap that might by now have shown something of the chill of age. Never has he juggled more gallantly with difficulty and danger than in this really prodigious *John Gabriel*, in which a great span of tragedy is taken between three or four persons—a trio of the grim and grizzled—in the two or three hours of a winter's evening; in which the whole thing throbs with an actability that fairly shakes us as we read; and in which, as the very flower of his artistic triumph, he has given us, for the most beautiful and touching of his heroines, a sad old maid of sixty. Such "parts," even from the vulgarest point of view, are Borkman and Ella Rentheim! But about all this there will inevitably be much more to say when the play is produced.

I am afraid then, that, for the hour, it is no unfair account of the matter to say of the few books that are most interesting that they are either not indigenous or not new. Lord Roberts's rich history of his *Forty Years in India* belongs rather to military science than to literature—though indeed in what much deeper depths of specialism than such brave volumes may the literary reader—if he have the real wolfish tooth for the real stray lamb—not find his account! The admirable autobiography of Gibbon, at last disengaged from the weight of a hundred

years of editorial ineptitude, comes out to-day as a flaming novelty. I shall have to wait another day to speak of it. A case of postponed, a case of poetic justice still more impressive, and indeed to my mind quite august, is the appearance of the second pair of volumes—*Evan Harrington*—in the beautiful, the stately "definitive" edition of George Meredith. We are in a moment of definitive editions, though it will only last as long, I surmise, as they have definitive authors to deal with. The only fault of this particular prize of the subscriber is one that it has an air of owing to a certain conscious fear of resembling too closely the massive monument to Robert Louis Stevenson—it has reached twenty-one volumes and there are more to come—in course of erection by Mr. Charles Baxter and Mr. Sidney Colvin. Between these twin flowers of subscription there is, I think, in beauty of form, very little to choose, but I can't help suspecting that if the Stevensons had not had so handsome a back the Merediths would not have had, in dull gray cloth, so ugly a one. The former were the first in the field, and the difference of the others is for the worse. It is not, however, in either case, a question of backs or even of fronts, but of things of the centre and core, about which—for there is time—there shall be plenty yet to say. In the act of touching upon a few of these I remember that I am turning my own back straight upon a graceful trio with which I have just been engaged and for which some of the forms are required that we owe, even in literature, to ladies. These books are not so much of yesterday as of the day before. The day before, let me say once for all, is my highest modernity.

To speak of them in the order of an ascending interest, Mrs. Edward Ridley's *Story of Aline* expresses, for so tentative a production, a certain distinction of feeling. I make the qualification because there are degrees of the tentative (we may see wherever we look) as to which we sorely strain a point in saying the "expression" of anything whatever abides in them. I don't mean that, in so far as that is a lost art, Mrs. Ridley has found it again, but that her touching tale has a charm that affects us like a faint, unconscious fragrance. Its merit, above all, is that it happens to have a subject, and a subject, oddly enough, a good deal stronger than the author's hand. There are novels enough in which there is neither manner nor matter, and there are others, less numerous, but forming a group, in which there is a considerable presentation of nothing. But to have the subject and not the art is still rarer, I think, than to have the art and not the subject. *The Story of Aline* is the story of a passion, and the story of a passion, especially of a passion returned—though it is true even on the other basis—can only be the story of a relation. Now the relation is exactly what Mrs. Ridley doesn't give us, and what at last we quite yearn for. "Oh, but it was strictly platonic, don't you know?" eagerly exclaimed to me a lady to whom I made that criticism. It was pardonable to smile at the rejoinder. Since when, for art, has a relation been any less a relation for belonging to that category? It may easily be only the more of one—that is to say the more of a subject, that is to say the more of a difficulty: a thing to be represented in tones that are not the mere familiar big drum. Mrs. Ridley, I judge, has been a little afraid of her subject. It deserved a greater confidence. Confidence, however, as we take up Mrs. Meynell's exquisite notes on *The Children*, reigns both in this authoress and in her presence. We know very little what we are about, unless we promptly recognize how well she knows what *she* is. She has the sense of subject, and a hand that goes with it to the end. There are hundreds of feminine pens around us that carry everything before them, but only of two or three of them is it discernible that they do so by anything that more than roughly resembles writing: to such innumerable other aims is this instrument mostly directed. Mrs. Meynell's, at any rate, is one of the two or three. She is an observer of singular acuteness, and she plays with concision as a lace-maker at a bright window plays with a complicated stitch.

In Mr. Clement Shorter's very interesting volume on the Brontës—*Charlotte Brontë and her Circle:* a collection mainly of Charlotte's letters and of those of some of her correspondents—there are very few bright windows and there is very little "playing," least of all with concision. But this is so far from being a book to dismiss in a phrase that its fulness of suggestion bore, to my perception, on the very fact that the decisive word about the unhappy family it commemorates has still to be written. It gives us afresh the image of how much their unhappiness was the making of their fame. In the presence of that sore stress on the one hand, and of a sounder measure, on the other, than we had as yet been able to take of some matters that it is important to disengage from the glamour of pathos, we receive a forcible lesson on the art of not confounding things. It is very true that the lesson may well leave a reader wondering whether, especially as regards Charlotte, a yet happier thought than to try to utter the decisive word be not perhaps to let silence, still more decisively, descend. The danger of course is that silence won't!

Henry James.

THE SOCIETY OF THE LYING-IN HOSPITAL OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

During October, 1798, an appeal was circulated in this city for subscriptions to found a hospital for destitute women unable to procure proper medical attendance during their confinement, and funds for this purpose were contributed by Alexander Hamilton, De Witt Clinton, Robert R. Livingston, and many other prominent citizens. A meeting of the first subscribers was held on December 6 of that year at the City Tavern, and a committee, consisting of Thomas Pearsall, Robert Lenox, Henry Remsen, and Dr. David Hosack, appointed to draft a constitution for the government of the institution.

For nearly one hundred years the society has existed in this city, and with the erection of the magnificent building donated by J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq., at a cost of about $1,000,000, it would seem to realize the ideal work contemplated by its charter obtained in 1799.

The former Hamilton Fish property, now owned by the society, upon which it is proposed to erect the new building, is located on the west side of Second Avenue, from Seventeenth to Eighteenth Street, having a frontage of 184 feet on the avenue, 116 feet on Eighteenth Street, and 88 feet on Seventeenth Street.

This property was purchased by the society in June, 1894, at a cost of $200,000, and the old Hamilton Fish mansion, built in the early fifties, is now used in conducting its in-door department.

Its location is near the stations of the elevated road at Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets on Third and First avenues, and it is also accessible by means of surface roads on Third and Second avenues, and the cross-town cars through Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets east and west. The situation therefore is not only a central one, but is valuable in the facilities it gives poor people to be cheaply and quickly transported to it.

Opposite the hospital property in Seventeenth Street is Stuyvesant Square, containing from four to five acres of open space, thus affording great advantages to the new building in respect to air and sunshine.

The contemplated hospital will cover the entire plot owned by the society, and, as planned, will be a massive fire-proof structure ten stories in height, with a capacity for poor patients of 250 beds. It is estimated that about 6000 can be accommodated yearly.

The main entrance to the building is on Second Avenue, with side entrances on Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets. When completed it will be the largest and most perfectly equipped lying-in hospital in this country, and with the further development of substations in different parts of the city, where poor women can apply for treatment in their own homes, it is calculated the society in the course of time will be able to relieve not less than 15,000 patients yearly. Even with its present limited resources and accommodations, it cared for, in confinement, during the past year, free of any charge, 2768 of the most destitute poor of this city.

One of the conditions of Mr. Morgan's very liberal gift is that before the hospital is erected the income from endowment fund or other sources shall prove sufficient to meet expenses.

The present income of the society is about $35,000 a year. Over $100,000 would be needed to conduct the building in a limited way to begin with, and even more should it be run to its fullest capacity. It is estimated, however, that $300,000 might increase the present income sufficiently to enable the lower floors to be opened and a limited ward service conducted with the educational and out-patient departments.

Perhaps the misery and suffering among the class relieved by the society are imperfectly understood, for although lying-in hospitals have existed for many years in large European cities, the work has never been developed to any very great extent on this side of the water.

For the twelve months ending October 1, 1896, the number of births in this city reported to the Health Department was 55,057, an average of 150 births daily, or one child every ten minutes.

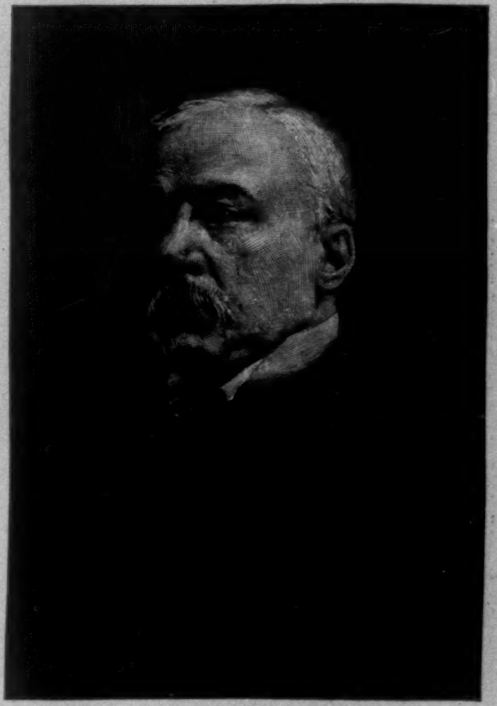
Investigation proves that 28,600 of these were cared for by physicians in practice, leaving more than 26,000 women annually in this community dependent entirely upon charity for medical treatment during childbirth.

It is not necessary to state that the care of the mother is a delicate and important operation, and that the ignorance of so-called midwives, on whom many of the destitute poor depend, causes them to carry infection from one home to another, so that even in the simplest cases they bring fevers and death to their patients, and in complicated cases the child is born unhealthy and deformed, and becomes eventually a charge upon the community.

During the past six years the society has cared for 10,233 women during confinement and convalescence in their own homes, in the most wretched class of tenements, with only forty-two deaths, several of which occurred many weeks after confinement and from causes only indirectly due to childbirth.

The object of the society is the relief of the poorest classes, so that their children may be brought into the world strong and healthy, the care of the child and helpless mother being of the first importance, and the most deserving of all charitable works.

The society cares for a large number of women in their own homes, so that the home is not broken up. The



J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

breaking up of the home is a common argument against hospitals. The hospital receives only those who can leave their homes, or serious operative cases that require hospital care; also those who have no homes.

More than two years have been consumed in the preparation of plans for the proposed building, and every detail of construction most carefully considered, that it shall be as perfect for its purpose as any one in the world.

Every prominent hospital in the country has been studied by the Medical Board, whose untiring energy and ability the society may always remember with the deepest gratitude. All the principal lying-in hospitals in Europe were visited last summer; but investigations prove that we have nothing to learn on this side of the water as regards construction, our methods comparing favorably with those practised elsewhere.

The most far-reaching operation of the hospital work at present is that of providing a systematic course of instruction in obstetrics. During the past six years the course provided by the society has been availed of by nearly two thousand students, who have thus obtained a thorough knowledge of a very important branch of their profession before entering upon practice.

As a school of obstetrics it is unique among educational institutions of this country in that it is not connected with any medical school, and its courses of instruction are open to students and physicians from all parts of the country.

With the opportunity of enlarging its work and affording this city so magnificent a hospital, and one that will always remain as a monument to the generosity of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the Board of Governors and Medical Board have already commenced an earnest appeal for funds to enable them to accept the gift of a building that will perform so important a work in the relief of the poor, and extend its good and influence to every quarter of the city for the benefit of neglected and suffering humanity.

F. Delano Weekes.

NEW LYING-IN HOSPITAL TO BE ERECTED IN NEW YORK CITY.—Robert H. Robertson, Architect.

THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT.

BEING SOME FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE DOINGS OF THE ASSOCIATED SHADES UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, ESQ.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL.

I.—THE ASSOCIATED SHADES TAKE ACTION.

THE House-boat of the Associated Shades, formerly located upon the River Styx, as the reader may possibly remember, had been torn from its moorings and navigated out into unknown seas by that vengeful pirate Captain Kidd, aided and abetted by some of the most ruffianly inhabitants of Hades. Like a thief in the night had they come, and for no better reason than that the Captain had been unanimously voted a shade too shady to associate with self-respecting spirits had they made off with the happy floating club-house of their betters; and worst of all, with them, by force of circumstances over which they had no control, had sailed also the fair Queen Elizabeth, the spirited Xanthippe, and every other strong-minded and beautiful woman of Erebean society, whereby the men thereof were rendered desolate.

"I can't stand it!" cried Raleigh, desperately, as with his accustomed grace he presided over a special meeting of the club, called on the bank of the inky Stygian stream, at the point where the missing boat had been moored. "Think of it, gentlemen, Elizabeth of England, Calpurnia of Rome, Ophelia of Denmark, and every precious jewel in our social diadem gone, vanished completely; and with whom? Kidd, of all men in the universe! Kidd, the pirate, the ruffian—"

"Don't take on so, my dear Sir Walter," said Socrates, cheerfully. "What's the use of going into hysterics? You are not a woman, and should eschew that luxury. Xanthippe is with them, and I'll warrant you that when that cherished spouse of mine has recovered from the effects of the sea, say the third day out, Kidd and his crew will be walking the plank, and voluntarily at that."

"But the House-boat itself," murmured Noah, sadly. "That was my delight. It reminded me in some respects of the Ark."

"The law of compensation enters in there, my dear Commodore," retorted Socrates. "For me, with Xanthippe abroad I do not need a club to go to; I can stay at home and take my hemlock in peace and straight. Xanthippe always compelled me to dilute it at the rate of one quart of water to the finger."

"Well, we didn't all marry Xanthippe," put in Cæsar, firmly, "therefore we are not all satisfied with the situation. I, for one, quite agree with Sir Walter that something must be done, and quickly. Are we to sit here and do nothing, allowing that fiend to kidnap our wives with impunity?"

"'DR. JOHNSON'S POINT IS WELL TAKEN,' SAID A STRANGER WHO HAD BEEN SITTING UPON THE STRING-PIECE OF THE PIER."

"Not at all," interposed Bonaparte. "The time for action has arrived. All things considered he is welcome to Marie Louise, but the idea of Josephine going off on a cruise of that kind breaks my heart."

"No question about it," observed Dr. Johnson. "We've got to do something if it is only for the sake of appearances. The question really is, what shall be done first?"

"I am in favor of taking a drink as the first step, and considering the matter of further action afterwards," suggested Shakespeare, and it was this suggestion that made the members unanimous upon the necessity for immediate action, for when the assembled spirits called for their various favorite beverages it was found that there were none to be had, it being Sunday, and all the establishments wherein liquid refreshments were licensed to be sold being closed—for at the time of writing the local government of Hades was in the hands of the reform party.

"What!" cried Socrates. "Nothing but Styx water and vitriol, Sundays? Then the House-boat must be recovered whether Xanthippe comes with it or not. Sir Walter, I am for immediate action, after all. This ruffian should be captured at once and made an example of."

"Excuse me, Socrates," put in Lindley Murray, "but, ah—pray speak in Greek hereafter, will you, please? When you attempt English you have a beastly way of working up to climatic prepositions which are offensive to the ear of a purist."

"This is no time to discuss style, Murray," interposed Sir Walter. "Socrates may speak and spell like Chaucer if he pleases; he may even part his infinitives in the middle, for all I care. We have affairs of greater moment in hand."

"We must ransack the earth," cried Socrates, "until we find that boat. I'm dry as a fish."

"There he goes again!" growled Murray. "Dry as a fish! What fish I'd like to know is dry?"

"Red herrings," retorted Socrates; and there was a great laugh at the expense of the purist, in which even Hamlet, who had grown more and more melancholy and morbid since the abduction of Ophelia, joined.

"Then it is settled," said Raleigh; "something must be done. And now the point is, what?"

"Relief expeditions have a way of finding things," suggested Dr. Livingstone. "Or rather of being found by the things they go out to relieve. I propose that we send out a number of them. I will take Africa; Bonaparte can lead an expedition into Europe; General Washington may have North America; and—"

"I beg pardon," put in Dr. Johnson, "but have you any idea, Dr. Livingstone, that Captain Kidd has put wheels on this House-boat of ours and is having it dragged across the Sahara by mules or camels?"

"No such absurd idea ever entered my head," retorted the Doctor.

"Do you then believe that he has put runners on it, and is engaged in the pleasurable pastime of taking the ladies tobogganing down the Alps?" persisted the philosopher.

"Not at all. Why do you ask?" queried the African explorer, irritably.

"Because I wish to know," said Johnson. "That is always my motive in asking questions. You propose to go looking for a house-boat in Central Africa; you suggest that Bonaparte lead an expedition in search of it through Europe—all of which strikes me as nonsense. This search is the work of sea-dogs, not of landlubbers. You might as well ask Confucius to look for it in the heart of China. What earthly use there is in ransacking the earth I fail to see. What we need is a naval expedition to scour the sea, unless it is pretty well understood in advance that we believe Kidd has hauled the boat out of the water, and is now using it for a roller-skating rink or a bicycle academy in Ohio, or for some other purpose for which neither he nor it was designed."

"Dr. Johnson's point is well taken," said a stranger who had been sitting upon the string-piece of the pier, quietly, but with very evident interest, listening to the discussion. He was a tall and excessively slender shade, "like a spirt of steam out of a teapot," as Johnson put it afterwards, so slight he seemed. "I have not the honor of being a member of this association," the stranger continued, "but, like all well-ordered shades, I aspire to the distinction, and I hold myself and my talents at the disposal of this club. I fancy it will not take us long to establish our initial point, which is that the gross person who has so foully appropriated your property to his own base uses does not contemplate removing it from its keel and placing it somewhere inland. All the evidence in hand points to a radically different conclusion, which is my sole reason for doubting the value of that conclusion. Captain Kidd is a seafarer by instinct, not a landsman. The House-boat is not a house, but a boat; therefore the place to look for it is not, as Dr. Johnson so well says, in the Saharan Desert, or on the Alps, or in the State of Ohio, but upon the high sea, or upon the water front of some one of the world's great cities."

"And what, then, would be your plan?" asked Sir Walter, impressed by the stranger's manner as well as by the very manifest reason in all that he had said.

"The chartering of a suitable vessel, fully armed and equipped for the purpose of pursuit. Ascertain whither the House-boat has sailed, for what port, and start at once. Have you a model of the House-boat within reach?" returned the stranger.

"I think not; we have the architect's plans, however," said the chairman.

"We had, Mr. Chairman," said Demosthenes, who was secretary of the House Committee, rising, "but they are gone with the House-boat itself. They were kept in the safe in the hold."

A look of annoyance came into the face of the stranger. "That's too bad," he said. "It was a most important part of my plan that we should know about how fast the House-boat was."

"Humph!" ejeculated Socrates, with ill-concealed sarcasm. "If you'll take Xanthippe's word for it, the House-boat was the fastest yacht afloat."

"I refer to the matter of speed in sailing," returned the stranger, quietly. "The question of its ethical speed has nothing to do with it."

"The designer of the craft is here," said Sir Walter, fixing his eyes upon Sir Christopher Wren. "It is possible that he may be of assistance in settling that point."

"What has all this got to do with the question, anyhow, Mr. Chairman?" asked Solomon, rising impatiently and addressing Sir Walter. "We aren't preparing for a yacht-race that I know of. Nobody's after a cup, or a championship of any kind. What we do want is to get our wives back. The Captain hasn't taken more than half of mine along with him, but I am interested none the less. The Queen of Sheba is on board, and I am somewhat interested in her fate. So I ask you what earthly or unearthly use there is in discussing this question of speed in the House-boat. It strikes me as a woful waste of time, and rather unprecedented too, that we should suspend all rules and listen to the talk of an entire stranger."

"I do not venture to doubt the wisdom of Solomon," said Johnson, dryly, "but I must say that the gentleman's remarks rather interest me."

"Of course they do," ejaculated Solomon. "He agreed with you. That ought to make him interesting to everybody. Freaks usually are."

"That is not the reason at all," retorted Dr. Johnson. "Cold water agrees with me, but it doesn't interest me. What I do think, however, is that our unknown friend seems to have a grasp on the situation by which we are confronted, and he's going at the matter in hand in a very comprehensive fashion. I move, therefore, that Solomon be laid on the table, and that the privileges of the—ah—of the wharf be extended indefinitely to our friend on the string-piece."

The motion, having been seconded, was duly carried, and the stranger resumed.

"I will explain for the benefit of his Majesty King Solomon, whose wisdom I have always admired, and whose endurance as the husband of three hundred wives has filled me with wonder," he said, "that before starting in pursuit of the stolen vessel we must select a craft of some sort for the purpose, and that in selecting the pursuer it is quite essential that we should choose a vessel of greater speed than the one we desire to overtake. It would hardly be proper, I think, if the House-boat can sail four knots an hour, to attempt to overhaul her with a launch, or other nautical craft, with a maximum speed of two knots an hour."

"Hear! hear!" ejaculated Cæsar.

"That is my reason, your Majesty, for inquiring as to the speed of your late club-house," said the stranger, bowing courteously to Solomon. "Now if Sir Christopher Wren can give me her measurements, we can very soon determine at about what rate she is leaving us behind under favorable circumstances."

"'Tisn't necessary for Sir Christopher to do anything of the sort," said Noah, rising. "As long as we are discussing the question I will take the liberty of stating what I have never mentioned before, that the designer of the House-boat merely appropriated the lines of the Ark. Shem, Ham, and Japhet will bear testimony to the truth of that statement."

"There can be no quarrel on that score, Mr. Chairman," said Sir Christopher, with cutting frigidity. "I am perfectly willing to admit that practically the two vessels were built on the same lines, but with modifications which would enable my boat to sail twenty miles to windward and back in six days less time than it would have taken the Ark to cover the same distance, and it could have taken all the wash of the excursion steamers into the bargain."

"Bosh!" ejaculated Noah, angrily. "Strip your old tub down to a flying balloon-jib and a marline-spike, and ballast the Ark with elephants until every inch of her reeked with ivory and peanuts, and she'd outfoot you on every leg, in a cyclone or a zephyr. Give me the Ark and a breeze, and your House-boat wouldn't be within hailing distance of her five minutes after the start if she had 40,000 square yards of canvas spread before a gale."

"This discussion is waxing very unprofitable," observed Confucius. "If these gentlemen cannot be made to confine themselves to the subject that is agitating this body, I move we call in the authorities and have them confined in the bottomless pit."

"I did not precipitate the quarrel," said Noah. "I was merely trying to assist our friend on the string-piece. I was going to say that as the Ark was probably a hundred times faster than Sir Christopher Wren's—tub, which he himself says can take care of all the wash of the excursion boats, thereby becoming on his own admission a wash-tub—"

"Order! order!" cried Sir Christopher.

"I was going to say that this wash-tub could be overhauled by a launch or any other craft with a speed of thirty knots a month," continued Noah, ignoring the interruption.

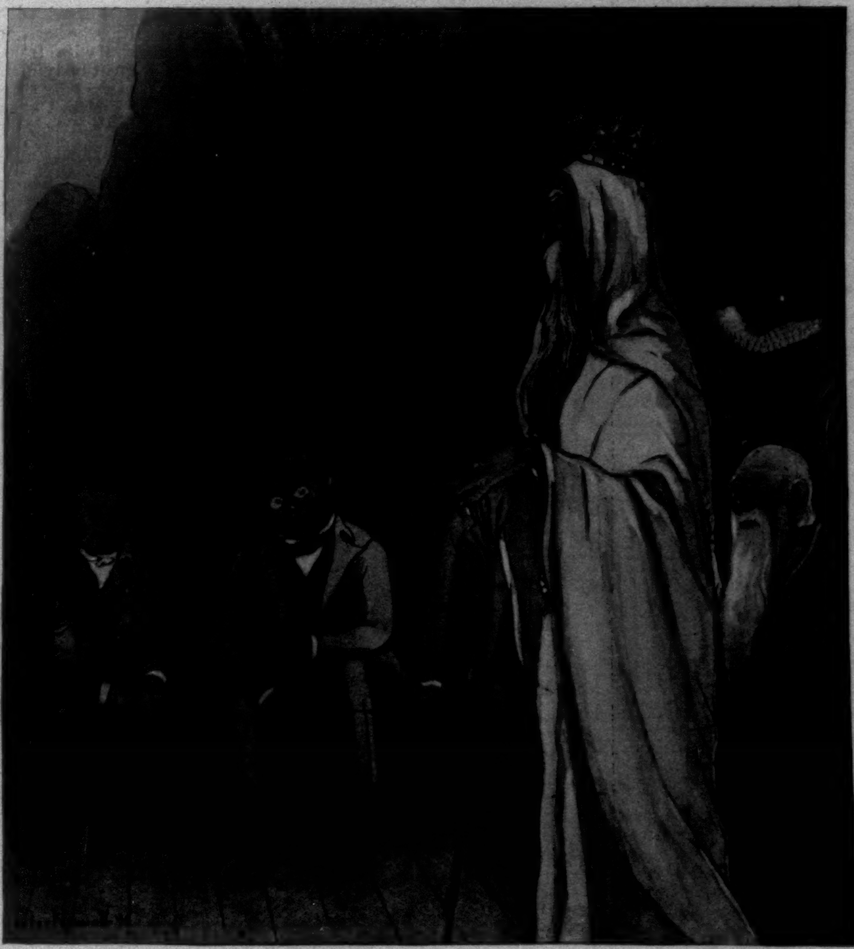
"Took him forty days to get to Mount Ararat!" sneered Sir Christopher.

"Well, your boat would have got there two weeks sooner, I'll admit," retorted Noah, "if she'd sprung a leak at the right time."

"Granting the truth of Noah's statement," said Sir Walter, motioning to the angry architect to be quiet—"not that we take any side in the issue between the two gentlemen, but merely for the sake of argument—I wish to ask the stranger who has been good enough to interest himself in our trouble what he proposes to do—how can you establish your course in case a boat were provided?"

"Also vot vill be dher gost, if any?" put in Shylock.

A murmur of disapprobation greeted this remark.



"'WHAT HAS ALL THIS GOT TO DO WITH THE QUESTION, ANYHOW, MR. CHAIRMAN?' ASKED SOLOMON, RISING IMPATIENTLY AND ADDRESSING SIR WALTER."

"The cost need not trouble you, sir," said Sir Walter, indignantly, addressing the stranger; "you will have carte blanche."

"Den ve are ruint!" cried Shylock, displaying his palms, and showing by that act a select assortment of diamond rings.

"Oh," laughed the stranger, "that is a simple matter. Captain Kidd has gone to London."

"To London!" cried several members at once. "How do you know that?"

"By this," said the stranger, holding up the tiny stub end of a cigar.

"Tut-tut!" ejaculated Solomon. "What child's play this is!"

"No, your Majesty," observed the stranger, "it is not child's play; it is fact. That cigar end was thrown aside here on the wharf by Captain Kidd just before he stepped on board the House-boat."

"How do you know that?" demanded Raleigh. "And granting the truth of the assertion, what does it prove?"

"I will tell you," said the stranger. And he at once proceeded as follows.

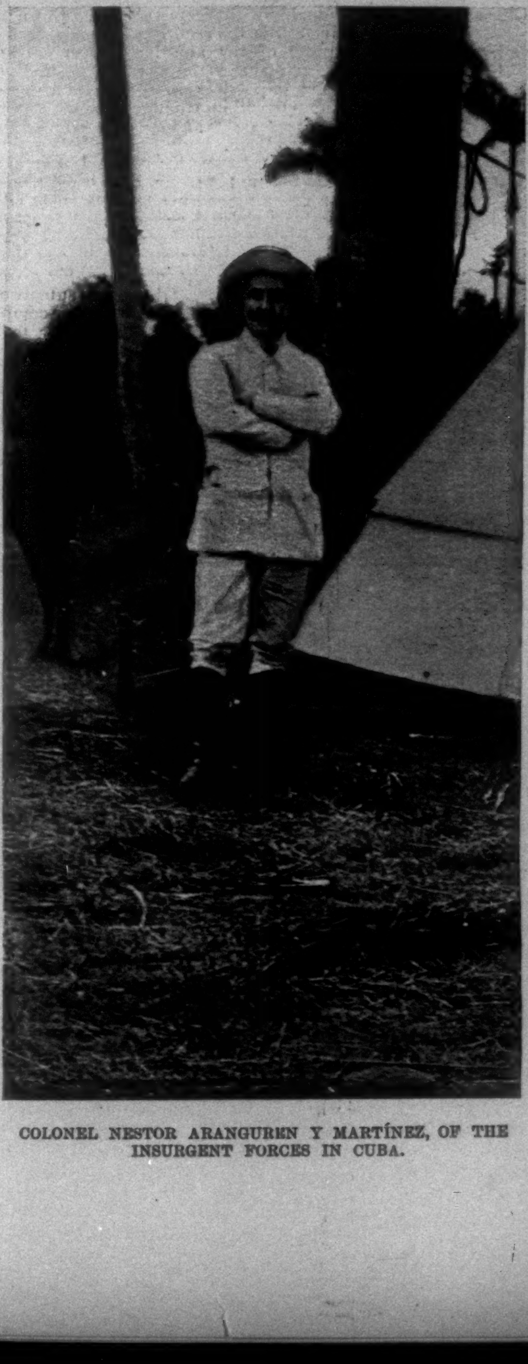
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CUBAN REVOLT.

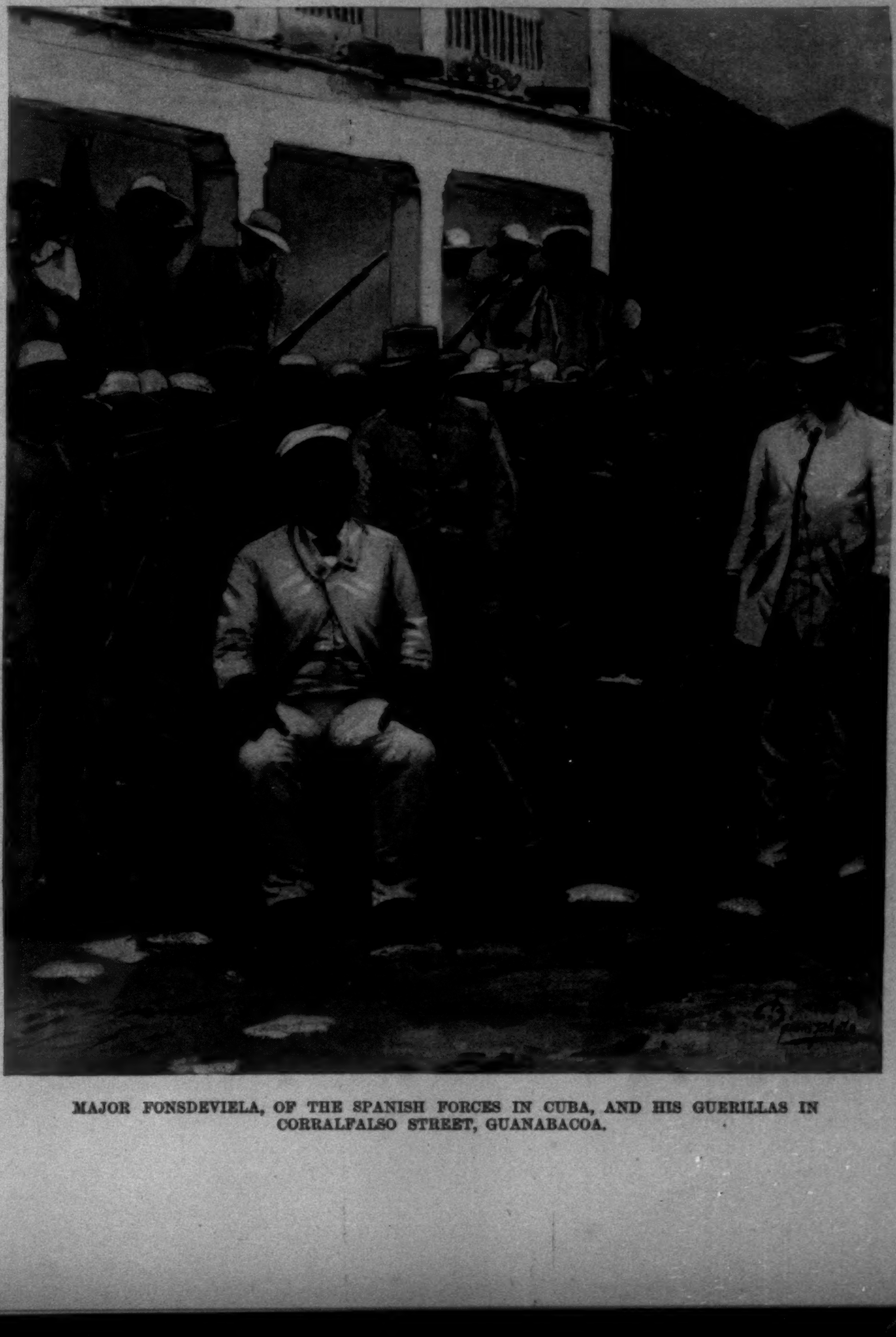
AUDACITY is the character note struck in the most recent Cuban exploits, and (almost as a matter of course) the man in question is very young. Nestor Aranguren y Martínez was born in Havana, February 11, 1873.

Now the important and most welcome fact is that no violent episodes of the war have made more for peace than have these.

And before we come to them it will do no harm to characterize the young man in a single short paragraph, the briefer the better, embodying the information that he belongs to one of the well-known families in Havana; that before the war he was just one of the *tacos de la Acera*—dandy, or dude, of the Havana Tenderloin—an ornamental rather than an impressive figure in the café called "El Louvre." But it is related that when two Spanish officers, sitting at an adjoining table in the café, generalized rather impolitely the characters of Cubans and Cuban women, Aranguren took one of the officers in his hands and threw him from the window to the pavement,



COLONEL NESTOR ARANGUREN Y MARTÍNEZ, OF THE INSURGENT FORCES IN CUBA.



MAJOR FONSDEVIELA, OF THE SPANISH FORCES IN CUBA, AND HIS GUERILLAS IN CORRALFALSO STREET, GUANABACOA.

or terrace, or whatever there happened to be below that particular window.

An appreciable product of the century's end—a Cuban "Van Bibber."

The town of Guanabacoa, just a little toward the east from Havana, and separated from it only by the impure waters of the bay—a suburb, a place of residence for many persons whose occupation takes them daily to the capital city—is the scene of the first exploit. The place was supposed to be securely held by its Spanish garrison, under the command of Don Narciso Fonsdeviela; but during the night of January 6 Aranguren led about twenty young men of his own class, together with about eighty *bomberos*, through its southern outskirts, and to the centre of the town, in Palo Blanco Street, so thoroughly demoralizing the garrison by the audacity of it all (and a Spanish paper confesses that it was a case of *total derrota*) that he was able to pass the night there, sacking and burning almost as many buildings as he had followers.

In the morning, when he had gone, and there was no longer any reasonable hope of overtaking him, Fonsdeviela marched his regulars and volunteers, with three hundred cavalry, down Corralfalso Street, to give chase, or to seem to give chase; and in the evening marched back again, and up Corralfalso Street, without loss of men, without captives. It has not seemed necessary to explain where or how this Spanish column passed the day; at best it was an idle demonstration. Aranguren had been showing on one occasion after another that he was not to be taken lightly. In 1895 he had gone to Camagüey and returned to Havana with instructions from President Cisneros; then back to Camagüey once more (a distance of two hundred and fifty miles or more, and rough travelling too), carrying eight packages of dynamite in his pockets; next, as one of Maceo's companions, he had taken part in the westward march; then, with his still younger brother, Benito, had studied surprises and evasions at the gates of Havana under that General Aguirre whose life was sketched in the last issue of the WEEKLY. Lest an impression should be given of some marvellous immunity in such a career, it may be well to add that he has been seriously wounded four times, and that Spanish despatches have twice contained announcements of his death.

Photographs of Aranguren, and of Major Fonsdeviela in a group of Spanish guerillas in Corralfalso Street, Guanabacoa, have just been received from Havana, and are reproduced in this issue.

Ten days afterwards Aranguren returned to the attack, and this time with the design of capturing Fonsdeviela. The train running out from Havana to Guanabacoa Saturday night (January 16) was derailed near the Calimete station, and a dozen sleepy Spanish officers and two obnoxious Cubans were made prisoners; but the special object of the insurgents' search was not on board. One of the captured Spaniards said afterwards that great disappointment was expressed, and he adds that Aranguren proved himself to be a polite and entertaining companion, assuring them, among other things, that "if Spain should grant a generous and liberal autonomy, peace would be not only possible but probable"; finally releasing them with the "*vayan VV. con Dios*" which, so much more amply and distinctly than our "good-by," says, "God be with ye"—literally, "may your graces go in God's keeping!"

But he hanged the two Cubans Barrios and Misa, the one as an "unnatural son of Cuba and a traitor," the other "as an informer."

A good deal of current misstatement of the actual forces of the insurgents in the central and eastern provinces of the island has been corrected by Mr. C. E. Akers in his letter from Havana dated January 16. Mr. Akers says that, scattered over the country in small groups, there are about 6000 in the province of Havana, about 8000 in the province of Matanzas, in Santa Clara probably 10,000 or more, and between Santa Clara and the extreme east 20,000 or 25,000 in the field, only the larger cities beyond the eastern Trocha being held by the Spaniards.

Now with Rivera and the other guerillas of Pinar del Rio, the territory lying west of Havana, still unsubdued, and with from 44,000 to 49,000 insurgents holding the great body of the island east of Havana, it is rather hard to see why so much stress should be laid on the inferiority of the Cuban army. Fifty or sixty thousand men fighting for their own, defending an impracticable country in which they have schooled themselves for war during twelve arduous years, with the active support of most of the inhabitants, the secret support of others, the moral support of a great neighboring republic, with such a supply of natural leaders that as soon as one falls two or three equally capable are ready to take his place—such an enemy, in conditions so favorable for resistance, any single European state would find terrible, and (with due regard to one of the conditions named above) perhaps unconquerable.

At any rate, the disparity of the opposing forces which has borne the emphasis hitherto no longer exists; and when Captain-General Weyler set out from Havana to face the insurgents in Matanzas and Santa Clara he took every precaution which might have been expected and seemed to be required. The column of Colonel Segura, whose very name holds promise of safety, surrounded him; neither village nor villager was left in his rear to molest the invading force after it had passed, and when approaching a town on the road to Güines a reconnoitring corps was sent forward, while the main column halted outside.

This was but a few days after Aranguren's search for Fonsdeviela among the officers in the derailed train; and now the same young gentleman, with one of his schoolmates, named Raul Arango, and a number of followers, was lying in wait for another capital prize—the Captain-General himself. Some stupidity, or perhaps only an accident, prevented. A gun was prematurely discharged; the insurgents' place of concealment among the houses was discovered. So Aranguren and Arango had to be content with driving back the advance-guard and vanishing in the darkness—to plan some new audacity.

MARRION WILCOX.

RAPID TRANSIT IN SIGHT?

THE New York Rapid Transit Commission has recently announced the adoption of a new route for the proposed underground railway. The announcement does not come to one with quite the force of novelty, for one has more than a vague recollection of hearing something of the same kind before. For several years the commission in question—though changed in *personnel*—has been grappling with the problem of how to transport the uptown residents of the ever-growing city, and this is not the first time that they have thought the problem solved. Only about a year ago the announcement was made that a route had been selected, and several subsequent steps were taken, but nothing finally came of it, except a judicial veto, from which there was no appeal. But the commission had their experience as well as their trouble for their pains; so they set to work again with unabated vigor, and attempting to avoid the rocks that before proved disastrous, they have prepared a new plan, which they hope will some time be allowed to pass beyond the stage of draughtsmans' ink and paper.

This new plan, though in general patterned after some of the discarded ones, has several points of novelty, not all of which, perhaps, are radical improvements, but which were thought necessary to meet the conditions and limitations imposed upon the commission. For example, the lower Broadway route, so ardently and persistently espoused on the one hand, and so bitterly opposed on the other, has been abandoned. Lower Broadway seems the most natural and desirable of rapid-transit channels, being central and direct, but the hue-and-cry of vault-owners and other interested persons along this thoroughfare seems at last to have prevailed, and apparently our underground railway, if we have it at all, must traverse the lower part of the city by way of some less popular streets. Other radical changes of plan are the lopping off of all portions of the road below the Post-Office, the bifurcation and extension of the system at the north, and the substitution of an elevated for the underground system at these northern extremities.

The members of the present Rapid Transit Commission are Alexander Orr, president, John H. Starin, John Claflin, George L. Rives, Woodbury Langdon; members *ex officio*, Mayor Strong and Comptroller Fitch. The chief engineer, an expert adviser of the commission, is Mr. William Barclay Parsons. The plan which they have just made public, briefly outlined, is as follows: The southern terminus of the underground system is to be a loop at the City Hall. From Chambers Street the four-track underground system to run northward along Elm Street and Fourth Avenue to Forty-second Street (Grand Central Depot), thence westward along Forty-second Street to Broadway, continuing northward again, along Broadway and the Boulevard, to 103d Street. Here the four-track system ceases, and the road divides. One division continues along the Boulevard, crossing Manhattan Valley (123d to 135th streets) and the valley beyond Washington Heights on viaducts, bridging the Harlem, and continuing as an elevated system to Kingsbridge. The other division runs in a northeasterly direction from 103d Street, along 106th Street, and under Central Park to Lenox Avenue, continuing to the north along Lenox Avenue to the Harlem, which is tunnelled, and crossing the annexed district partly as an underground, partly as an elevated system, to terminate at Bronx Park. The entire system comprises twenty-one miles of road-bed, of which fifteen and one-fourth miles are underground. The estimated cost of construction is $33,000,000.

Such is New York's present system of underground railways—on paper. It is a laboriously executed plan, having many admirable features. Engineer and commissioners have given a vast deal of careful study to the subject, which has been but ill appreciated by the people, most of whom seem to forget that a gigantic enterprise like this cannot be consummated in a day. And now that the commission has reached a decision—for let us say the *n*th time—it remains to be seen whether their efforts will be seconded, or whether, as heretofore, their work will be rendered nugatory by prejudiced or selfish opposition.

The practical steps that lie between the present paper underground railway—which exists some ten stories in the air, in Mr. Parson's office—and an underground railway under ground, are these: First, the commission must secure for their plan the approval of the city authorities. Secondly, they must likewise secure the approval of the owners of a majority (in value) of the abutting property along the proposed route. This accomplished, the commissioners are free, without further preliminaries, to make detailed specifications for the construction of the road, and to let the contract for building it, under certain restrictions fixed by law.

It is proposed that the city itself shall own the road, paying for its construction with money secured by adding to its bonded indebtedness. The actual building shall be done by a contractor, exactly as any other important work is done for the city, with this added qualification, that the contractor who undertakes the work must obligate himself also to equip the road with running stock at his own expense, and operate it for a period of "not less than thirty-five or more than fifty years," paying a rental to the city. The amount of this annual rental must equal the interest on the cost of construction of the road (presumably three per cent. on thirty-three millions), plus one per cent. on the cost of construction.

The interesting features of this plan are these: As the contract builder must himself lease the road, and as the rental of the road depends upon the cost, the contractor will consult his own interests in keeping the cost of construction within the narrowest bounds—a feature the importance of which will appeal to any one who has knowledge of the jobbery that sometimes attends municipal contracts. Secondly, it is claimed that the contractor's legitimate profit on construction of the road will be sufficient to equip the road with rolling stock, etc., so that the builder, now turned manager, will find himself supplied with a railroad ready for operation that has not cost him a cent. There will of course be no taxes to pay, since the road belongs to the city; hence any net return coming from the running of the road, after the rental is paid, will be clear profit. But meantime the city has an equally advantageous bargain; for the rental pays the interest on the bonded debt, and the one per cent. additional, being added to the sinking-fund, and compounded, wipes out the debt itself in about forty years. At the close of the period of lease, therefore, the city owns a system of underground railways that has not cost a cent to construct or operate, and which in future may be a source of perpetual revenue.

Such a scheme as that seems almost too much like a fairy-tale to be true. Yet such astute business men as its originator, ex-Mayor Hewitt, and the commissioners who have adopted it, believe that it would work; and, indeed, on reflection, there appear to be only two possible points of doubt about it. One of these is the difficulty of finding a contractor who wishes also to become a railway manager; the other, the possibility that the income from operating the road might not exceed the rental. The friends of the plan insist that these obstacles are not insuperable. The matter of revenue is of course problematical, but it is calculated that if the underground road did anything like the business of the present elevated system, its profit to the operator would be enormous, its annual income being about $4,000,000, while the rental would only be about $1,320,000. Such a balance as that, they say, can hardly fail to prove alluring to some competent contractor and manager when the time comes for specific bidding.

Should this scheme be consummated eventually, New York will ultimately have a rapid-transit system valued at many millions of dollars, which has been paid for exclusively in nickel instalments by the persons who have used it, and which then belongs to these people who have paid for it—rich and poor alike. It is hard to see how a more equitable scheme than that could be imagined. One almost feels that the rapid-transit system, though still on paper, is shortening the distance between New York and Altruria.

But all this presupposes the solution of several problems that in reality still await an answer. At the very outset, as has been said, the commission must submit their plans to the city authorities for approval. Should this be withheld there is no appeal, and the project would be nipped in the bud. However, no difficulty is apprehended from this source, as the city authorities have accepted previous plans, and presumably will accept this one. But a much more formidable task is the securing of the consent of a majority (in value) of the abutting-property owners. Previous experience makes it tolerably certain that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to secure such consents, yet it is hard to understand on what grounds the owners of abutting property can feel that an underground road would be of disadvantage to them.

During the period of construction it would be an annoyance, to be sure, but these temporary drawbacks would be compensated for many times over by permanent advantages. Once completed, the underground road would leave the streets to all surface appearances unaltered. There would be no such unsightly structure as that of the elevated railway, not even such obstruction as that given by horse-car or cable line or trolley, and the mild subterranean rumble of passing trains would be but a murmur compared with the roar of the elevated, and scarcely to be noticed amid the clash and clatter of ordinary surface traffic.

As regards any danger to the foundations of buildings along the way, that is declared by the engineers to be absolutely *nil*. The plan proposed does not involve deep tunnelling; indeed, it can hardly with propriety be called tunnelling at all. It requires, in effect, the excavating of a broad ditch, taking in the main width of a street, and extending to a depth of about seventeen feet, the subway thus prepared becoming a tunnel only when roofed over with brick, concrete, and paving-stones to replace the ordinary surface road-bed. All thought of a deep tunnel on the Greathead plan has been abandoned for good and sufficient reasons. Our underground road, if built according to the present plan, will make no abysmal flight through the "bowels of the earth," but will merely skim beneath the surface in a way combining the greatest practicable accessibility with a minimum of obtrusiveness. The station platforms will be but fourteen feet beneath the sidewalks; they will be, therefore, about twice as accessible as the average elevated station.

Except for the stairways leading down to stations from the sidewalks, at intervals of several blocks, there will be absolutely no surface feature to indicate the presence of the underground road. No occasion will exist for great central surface openings to belch forth volumes of smoke, such as those on the present Park Avenue; for the new system will, of course, be operated by electricity or by compressed air, in either case being altogether smokeless. It will not even be necessary to have ventilators of any kind, as the moving trains will keep the air stirring, and replenish it sufficiently from the station entrances. It is the locomotive which chiefly vitiates the air in ordinary tunnels. The fire of a single engine consumes as much oxygen as 87,000 human beings. The problem of ventilating the subway, therefore, is practically hopeless where steam is the motive power, but it is simplicity itself where steam is dispensed with.

On what grounds, then, will opposition to the new road be offered by the owners of abutting property? It is hard to answer definitely; but mostly, perhaps, the opposition will come through pure inertia. The conservative, like the rich, we have with us always—the man who goes through life with eyes fixed adoringly on the remote past, never admitting the utility of anything whatsoever until it has

passed into history. Doubtless some of this ilk are among the property-owners in question. They would not ride on an underground railway—no, indeed!—any more than their grandparents of 1830 would risk life and limb by riding on Stephenson's frightful steam-cars, or their parents of 1876 would countenance the hazardous "mid-air" elevated railway system. No "bowels-of-the-earth" traffic for them, thank you; they are human beings, not ants or moles. And so they are, as their actions prove; though, bless them! they never suspect just how. Moles, though literally sightless, are not blind to self-interest; while ants subordinate individual preference to the common weal, acting for the greatest good of the greatest number. Your true conservative is neither ant nor mole, rest assured.

But, reasons aside, suppose the majority of abutting-property owners withhold assent to the commissioners' plan—what then? In this case the commission has power of appeal to the Supreme Court of the State. The Appellate Division of that body, considering the appeal, may appoint a Referee Commission to investigate the merits of the case, and make report. On this report the court will take final action.

It is during the investigations of this Referee Commission that the specific plan suggested by the Rapid Transit Commission will come up for general criticism; and here the opposition of powers other than city authorities and abutting-property owners may be made apparent. That most vigorous opposition will come, powerfully if not openly, from certain prejudiced sources, is to be expected as a matter of course. There are influences opposed to any rapid-transit scheme whatever for New York, and they will make themselves felt. But such prejudiced opposition will presumably be taken at its true worth by the commission.

Are there, however, any just grounds of opposition to the plan for underground transit as now proposed? As to that, opinions may differ. No one, perhaps, will contend that the plan is all that could be desired; whether or not it is the nearest approximation practicable will be the point of controversy. At the very outset, it will be asked whether or not the plan as proposed really solves the essential problem which the Rapid Transit Commission was asked to solve—the problem, namely, of drawing the two ends of our tenuous island close together. The New-Yorker labors under the disadvantage of living on a long-drawn-out triangle of land. But he measures distance by time, not by miles, and for residence purposes the triangle becomes practically a square if you can draw its ends close together, measuring by minutes. What he desires is that the Bronx and the Battery shall be brought as near together as, for example, the East and North rivers are at Fifty-ninth Street. In other words, he asks the Rapid Transit Commission to give him rapid transit.

Now let us see what the new plan promises. From the City Hall to 103d Street, a distance of about seven and one-fourth miles, we are to have a four-track system. The outer tracks are for relatively local transit, the stations being about three to the mile, and the rate of speed contemplated, including stops, being about thirteen miles per hour. This is a trifle faster than the present elevated, the gain being made through the use of more powerful engines than are permissible on the elevated structure. But for transportation that will appeal to us as really rapid, dependence must be placed on the inner tracks. Here the stops will be infrequent, and the estimated speed, including stops, will be from thirty to thirty-five miles per hour. That will take one from the City Hall to 103d Street in less than fifteen minutes—not quite the ideal mile-a-minute standard, but a step toward it.

But beyond 103d Street, where the road branches, becoming two double-track systems, the showing is much less satisfactory. Here, of course, express trains are impossible; and while the regular rate of speed is expected to reach about sixteen miles an hour, yet this implies that the train which has made half its journey in fifteen minutes must consume thirty minutes in covering the other half. That leaves Kingsbridge still three-quarters of an hour from the City Hall, which does not square the triangle.

Clearly what is needed is a four-track system all the way. But that, we are told, we cannot have just now. The commissioners offered such a system once and it was declined. Now they offer this compromise, in the hope that it will be accepted. They believe that when New-Yorkers have a taste of underground road they will want more, and the two-track road is of the nature of a sample, provision being made for widening these portions at any time. Seemingly it would be wiser to build it full width in the first place, but as to that the commission appears to think it has no option.

A much more important defect of the proposed systems is the abandonment of the Broadway route. That this is a defect will perhaps hardly be denied by any one, Broadway being so manifestly the natural artery of transportation; and it is equally manifest that this is a defect which cannot be remedied after a road is built. The question must naturally arise, then, among the best friends of rapid transit as to whether the abandonment of Broadway was absolutely unavoidable. Every one must recall that in 1892 the commission secured the Broadway franchise, and that it even went to the extent of selling it at auction to a contractor (though cancelling the bargain immediately afterward). Why did nothing come of that privilege then? And why cannot a similar privilege be secured now? The answers to these questions, I suspect, would make an interesting story. Perhaps some one will insist on having it told before a compromise road is authorized.

But suppose it shall appear that the guardian powers of Broadway, whatever their character, are practically invulnerable, and that the choice lies between a compromise route and no rapid-transit system at all? Then surely every one who has the city's interest at heart must welcome the compromise, and doubtless it will easily be made to appear that the particular compromise now suggested is as good as can be expected.

But even then one other very practical question will remain to be determined before we can feel that we are fairly on the safe road to rapid transit—the question, namely, whether the scheme thus finally approved can be put into execution. Can a responsible contractor be found who is able and willing to undertake the task of building and for at least thirty-five years operating a road along the route proposed? If not, then the whole scheme falls through, and all the labor bestowed upon it comes to nothing—as so many previous schemes of our rapid-transit commissions have come to nothing. Would it not be well, then, for our commission to ask this vital question first of all, since it is the most definitive question of all? It cannot make a definite contract in advance, of course, but it can ascertain whether it is likely to be able to make such a contract in the end. If it can give reasonable assurance that a contractor will stand ready to put the scheme into operation when it is finally sanctioned, surely the scheme itself will be the better for this practical guarantee in the eyes of city authorities, Supreme Court, and the public in general. On a previous occasion (in 1895) when a Broadway route was in question, the commission had written assurance that responsible contractors stood ready to ratify its plan with a bid. If it chance to have such practical sanction of its present plan, it would be well to let the public know of it.

Thus it appears that a good many "ifs" are strewn along the pathway that leads to rapid transit in New York. But suppose we were to step safely over all of them without stumbling, how soon should we reach the goal? That is a question which every one who participates in our existing sardines-in-a-box method of transit must desire to have answered. When I put it to Mr. Parsons, the engineer, he replied by quoting with approval a remark made by Mr. Sooysmith, "An underground road could be built in two years, it should be built in three years, it might take four years." Beyond peradventure, then, we might have it this century. We *might*—but shall we? Predictions are dangerous, and for my part I shall hazard none.

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.

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In days to come, when horrid war
Shall keep his awful visage hid;
When men attuned to peace forget
Just what our standing armies did;

When, 'stead of fighting well our foes,
Defending our beloved state,
We put our case before a court,
And let that council arbitrate—

What will become of those who man
Our ships upon the briny mains?
What will become of those who guard
Our honor on the distant plains?

What will become, alas! of those
Whose only work in life, poor souls!
Has been for many a year to get
Their names upon the pension rolls?

What will become, likewise, of that
Most valiant and courageous corps
Who, safe in peaceful paths, do pen
Despatches from the seat of war?

What will become of those who make
Plate armor proof against all shot,
And then project a projectile
To send that armor straight to pot?

What will become of those who write
Great verse on "war with carnage fraught"?
Can one believe arbitrament
Can e'er inspire immortal thought?

Think twice, ye men at Washington,
Before you vote to arbitrate!
Think not alone of all those fields
Of blood that made our country great.

But think of those poor suffering wights
Whose lives you'd fill with gloom and murk,
The thousands in those industries
Your plan would throw quite out of work.

John Kendrick Bangs.

OUR IDLE CONVICTS.

Criminals are shut up in prisons, among other reasons, for the reformation of the criminals themselves, and to give them such training that they may live honestly when they get out. In the prisons of New York State it is just now failing of accomplishment in a painful and unusual degree.

The section of the new State Constitution which provides against the employment of convicts in manufactures which compete with the products of outside labor went into effect at the beginning of this year, and many convicts were thrown out of work. The predicament of these men is deplorable, and reports of their condition make distressing reading. Idleness is trying to any one, but for convicts in State prisons, many of them evil-minded and prone to all sorts of mental and moral distempers, nearly all of them cooped up in cells or within narrow limits, and given very little chance for physical exercise, it is lamentably demoralizing. The interdiction of convict labor has been tried before in this State, and its effects, which any thoughtful person could forecast, were familiar by actual experiment. The prison authorities and the Legislature had two years in which to prepare for the condition which now obtains, but very little preparation was made. The wardens and the Prison Commission took thought, it is true, but the Legislature neglected last year to pass the laws and make the appropriations necessary to carry out their plans. They have done what they could. It is permitted to manufacture goods for use in State institutions, and so far as machinery now in the prisons can be used for that purpose, it is in use. Hand-looms have been set up at Auburn for making cloth; some of the Sing Sing prisoners are making shoes by hand; but not only is the apparatus lacking for many kinds of labor that are lawful, but far more men need employment than can be kept at work in lawful manufactures even when the tools are ready.

It behooves the Legislature to act quickly in doing its part by passing laws and providing money to carry out such plans as have been devised for keeping these poor men busy. One of the likeliest schemes is to put them at road-making. There is no competition in that. The State may employ convicts on its highways without interfering in the least with the gains of free labor, or exciting any reasonable opposition from the trades unions. But it cannot do it unless the Legislature will vote money for the purpose, for to handle and guard convicts outside of prison walls is expensive.

Ten thousand persons in prisons, reformatories, and other State and county institutions are affected by the change in the Constitution. Of these the three thousand convicts are very much the worst off. It is their fault that they are in prison, but that does not excuse the Legislature from responsibility for their care. To neglect them is cruel as well as foolish. Whatever their faults or crimes, so long as they behave properly in prison, they are entitled to such solace as they may find in hard labor, and the State is bound morally, as well as by strong considerations of expediency, to see that they get it.

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1896.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$32,021,426.97
Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	26,088,242.94
United States Stocks, State Stocks and City Stocks and other investments, as per market quotations Dec. 31, 1896 (market value over cost, $2,796,862.63)	113,077,465.66
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value Dec. 31, 1896, $14,738,055)	11,723,700.00
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure and office buildings	16,670,386.37
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	11,262,939.63
Balances due from agents	632,697.20
Interest and Rents due and accrued	518,896.58
Premiums due and unreported, less cost of collection	2,578,037.00
Deferred Premiums, less cost of collection	2,200,155.00
Assets Dec. 31, 1896	**$216,773,947.35**

We hereby certify that, after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement for the year 1896, we find the same to be true and correct as stated. The stocks and bonds in the above statements are valued at the market price December 31, 1896. The Real Estate belonging to the Society has been appraised by the Insurance Department of the State of New York, and is stated at the reduced valuation as shown in the official report of the examination of the Society, dated July 9, 1895.

FRANCIS W. JACKSON, Auditor.
ALFRED W. MAINE, 2nd Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on all existing policies, calculated on a 4% standard, and all other liabilities	**$173,496,768.23**
Surplus, on a 4% standard	**$43,277,179.12**

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. Dividends will be declared, as heretofore, on the basis of a 4% standard.

GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.
J. G. VAN CISE, Assistant Actuary.

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	$36,089,357.71
Cash received for Interest and from other sources	8,921,700.67
Income	**$45,011,058.38**

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	$12,380,249.00
Matured and Discounted Endowments	1,096,193.24
Annuities	410,793.31
Surrender Values	3,582,301.09
Matured Tontine Values	2,041,970.20
Dividends paid to Policy-Holders	2,425,932.61
Paid Policy-Holders	**$21,937,439.45**
Commission, advertising, postage, and exchange	4,330,268.30
All other payments: Taxes, salaries, medical examinations, general expenses, &c	3,736,714.26
Disbursements	**$30,004,422.01**

ASSURANCE.

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

Outstanding Assurance Dec. 31, 1896	**$915,102,070.00**
New Assurance written in 1896	**$127,694,084.00**
Proposals for Assurance Examined and Declined	**$21,678,467.00**

We, the undersigned, appointed by the Board of Directors of the Equitable Society, in accordance with its by-laws, to revise and verify all its affairs for the year 1896, hereby certify that we have, in person, carefully examined the accounts, and counted and examined in detail the Assets of the Society, and do hereby certify that the foregoing statement thereof is true and correct as stated.

E. BOUDINOT COLT,
T. S. YOUNG, W. B. KENDALL,
G. W. CARLETON, H. J. FAIRCHILD, } Special Committee of the Board of Directors.

OFFICERS.

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JAMES W. ALEXANDER, *Vice-President.*
LOUIS FITZGERALD, *Second Vice-President.*
GAGE E. TARBELL, *Third Vice-President.*
GEORGE T. WILSON, *Fourth Vice-President.*
EDWARD W. LAMBERT, *Medical Director.*

THOMAS D. JORDAN, *Comptroller.*
W. ALEXANDER, *Secretary.*
S. D. RIPLEY, *Treasurer.*
J. B. LORING, *Registrar.*
EDWARD CURTIS, *Medical Director.*

DIRECTORS.

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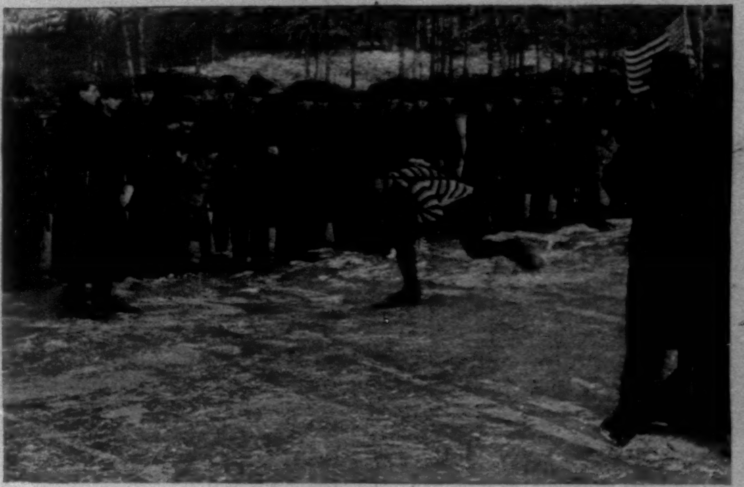
DANIEL R. NOYES,
ALANSON TRASK,
BRAYTON IVES,
SIDNEY D. RIPLEY,
J. F. De NAVARRO.

AMATEUR SPORT

A CIRCULAR LETTER has recently been received which states that, "in response to a general request of the public and college press of New England and New York, the New London Board of Trade has appointed a committee to arrange for a yearly amateur rowing regatta, similar in scope to the Henley Regatta of England, to be held on the Thames River at New London during the last week of June, beginning in 1897." It is further declared that the regatta will be under the direct management of a Board of Stewards appointed to represent the interests of the collegiate and the amateur boating-club crews of the United States, that accommodations for boats will be furnished free, and every inducement offered by the citizens of New London to make the sojourn of visiting oarsmen enjoyable and the regatta successful. It is proposed to offer valuable trophies for races between eight, four, and pair oared crews and for single sculls, and the Regatta Committee includes Messrs. E. S. Neilan, Hon. Thomas M. Waller, F. H. and A. H. Chappell, F. L. Palmer, David MacKenzie, C. B. Jennings, M. W. Bacon, and C. A. Blanchard.

THERE IS NO DOUBT that American rowing is in need of some stimulus, and it is equally true that a regatta patterned after the world-famed Henley of the old country would provide the required encouragement. If we are to have such a regatta—and certainly we want it—the Thames at New London is the most desirable for its location. It has the tradition of nearly twenty years of college boat-racing; the river is attractive in its setting, is free from traffic, and the crews therefore not interrupted in their practice; is midway between New York and Boston, the two great Eastern boating centres; and with its protected harbor and excellent anchorage a yachting rendezvous of pronounced popularity.

For several years sentiment favoring such an annual event has been growing among college men, and efforts quietly making towards its establishment. The greatest difficulty with which captains and coaches at Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia, have annually to contend in turning out a 'varsity eight, is the total absence of a university boating spirit.



NATIONAL SKATING AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS—REYNOLDS WINNING THE ONE-MILE

NATIONAL AMATEUR SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS—START OF THE ONE-MILE.

IT IS EVERY YEAR THE CASE that men who perhaps may even have never before sat in a shell are accepted as candidates—simply because none of more experience offer. Because, indeed, there are none of greater experience to offer themselves. This is so because there is no effort made to build up a boating spirit, and because the practice of the 'varsity and class crews is viewed only by candidates for the boats, the coaches, and a few enthusiastic undergraduates. Generally speaking, the undergraduate is not taken into the confidence of the boating authorities, their plans, their endeavors, and their prospects. He is out of it, so to say, and, except on the actual day of the race, has no opportunity of becoming enthused or warmed into sufficient interest to incite a spirit of emulation on the river.

In England it is the general boating spirit at Oxford and Cambridge that sends the men on to the river, and makes watermen of certainly every candidate for the 'varsities, and, too, of a very large percentage of the athletically inclined of the student body. There are college crews, somewhat corresponding to our class crews, whose preparation and races create interest very nearly as intense as that aroused by the 'varsities; and, besides, there are races for pairs and singles and canoes and punts.

ALTHOUGH A RIVER DOES NOT RUN through the very campus of American universities, as is the case at Oxford and Cambridge, nevertheless water is not so far away as to account for such absence of boating interest over here. The boat-houses of Harvard, Yale, and Cornell are not over fifteen minutes' walk from their respective campuses. The cause for the rowing indifference is more deep-seated; it is the result of years of studied and persistent disregard by the boating authorities of the general welfare of the sport, or of the undergraduates, beyond their mere contribution to the making up of a 'varsity crew. The remedy is simple enough, although the situation will respond slowly to treatment, since its application has been so long delayed. If colleges inaugurate an annual regatta on home waters for singles and doubles, and eights and fours, and for canoes, bring the 'varsity eight out of its hiding, and provide an exhibition of its work at these college regattas, we shall soon see some evidence of a boating spirit. If the college and the boating authorities will provide the means and the entertainment, the undergraduates will be found to have abundant enthusiasm.

IF FOR NO OTHER reason than that it will tend to build up and prosper a healthful college boating spirit, the effort making by the New London Board of Trade for an American Henley Regatta is worthy of support. If such a regatta were established at New London, regattas after the manner I have just suggested would follow at the different colleges where rowing obtains. Such college regattas, held, say, the first week in June or thereabouts, would prompt better work and create greater interest if the winners of the various events would also be entitled to represent the college at New London. During this regatta week, too, the four-mile 'varsity races between Harvard and Yale, and Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania, should of course be rowed. In fact, this regatta would witness all the college rowing, and some of the best amateur club rowing of the year. And beyond that there should be a race provided for such preparatory schools as now maintain crews.

There would be no conflict, nor need of any, with the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen. That association is undoubtedly equally interested in furthering the interest of amateur rowing in the United States. There should be no "championship" honors attached to winning at the New London regatta, and the National Association should hold its annual championships as usual. It would be possible, however, to attract to the New London regatta entries from the Western and Southern colleges and clubs that now support crews, and in this respect a wider and more national significance would invest the results of the regatta, and reflectively the contests of the National Association.

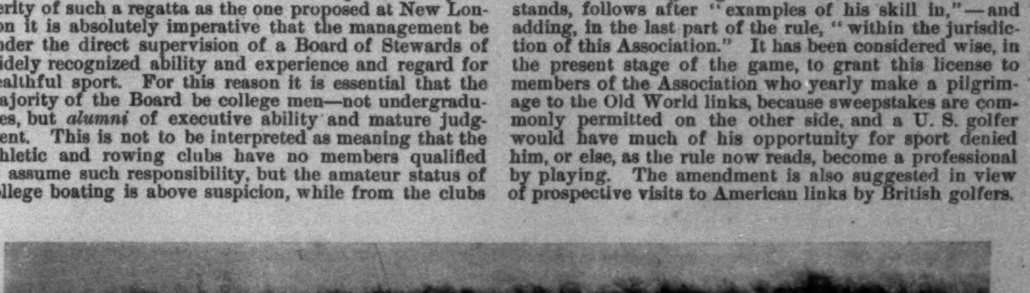
TO THE SUCCESSFUL CONDUCT and the permanent prosperity of such a regatta as the one proposed at New London it is absolutely imperative that the management be under the direct supervision of a Board of Stewards of widely recognized ability and experience and regard for healthful sport. For this reason it is essential that the majority of the Board be college men—not undergraduates, but *alumni* of executive ability and mature judgment. This is not to be interpreted as meaning that the athletic and rowing clubs have no members qualified to assume such responsibility, but the amateur status of college boating is above suspicion, while from the clubs of the National Association too many oarsmen have come in whose amateur status equal confidence could not be had. If the balance of power in a Board of Stewards rested with representatives of National Association clubs, the New London regatta would not have the tone, nor its acts be viewed with the confidence, that a board of college rowing-men would give. Besides, the majority of entries for the regatta would come from the colleges.

IN FACT, THE SUCCESS of this proposed regatta depends entirely on the support and activity of the colleges. To attempt the establishment next June of an American Henley without the co-operation of Harvard and Yale and Cornell and the others, would be to imperil the success of a most worthy scheme. It is useless for the New London Board of Trade Committee to proceed until they have secured the sympathetic approval of the universities. To this end the first step is a meeting to discuss the scope of the regatta and to appoint a Board of Stewards. Once the endorsement of Harvard and Yale is secured, and the names of the stewards made public, there will be no fear for the success of the undertaking, for there is much wish for such a regatta, and the time of fulfilment is ripe. Entries from clubs should close at least a month before the regatta, to give the stewards ample time thoroughly to satisfy themselves of the status of any concerning whom there was doubt. If the Board of Trade of New London is diligent and discerning in it efforts, we shall have an American Henley next June, but if it views the proposed scheme merely as one for business enterprise, its ends will be defeated.

WE CORRECTLY INTERPRETED, it seems, the intentions of the U. S. Golf Association when we wrote, two weeks ago, that the Executive Committee had not purposed "knowledge of golf," in Section 9, to include and professionalize the golfer who occasionally or regularly contributes to the literature of the game. Nevertheless, there has been so much misunderstanding of the rule, that Mr. H. O. Tallmadge, the Association secretary, has wisely altered it, and at the forth-coming meeting of the Association will offer Section 9 amended as follows:—

An Amateur Golfer shall be a golfer who has never received a money consideration for playing in a match or for giving lessons in or examples of his skill in the game, nor laid out nor taken charge of golf links for hire; who has never contended for a money prize in an Open Competition; who has never carried clubs for hire after attaining the age of fifteen years; who has never personally made golf clubs, balls, or any other articles connected with the game for sale; and who on and after January 1, 1897, has never within the jurisdiction of this Association played a match game against a professional for a money bet or stake, nor played in a Club Competition for a money prize or sweepstakes.

The change in this section is in leaving out the much-discussed "knowledge of golf"—which, in the rule as it now stands, follows after "examples of his skill in,"—and adding, in the last part of the rule, "within the jurisdiction of this Association." It has been considered wise, in the present stage of the game, to grant this license to members of the Association who yearly make a pilgrimage to the Old World links, because sweepstakes are commonly permitted on the other side, and a U. S. golfer would have much of his opportunity for sport denied him, or else, as the rule now reads, become a professional by playing. The amendment is also suggested in view of prospective visits to American links by British golfers.



NATIONAL AMATEUR SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS—THE COURSE ON SILVER LAKE, STATEN ISLAND.

IT IS UNLIKELY ANY CHANGE will be made at the January meeting of the Committee in the wording of Section 10, which, as pointed out in this Department, would be the better for some simplification. An unwarranted amount of discussion has been held by the technical sporting journals over what the Executive Committee meant in Section 10 by "any athletic organization," and what class of men was referred to by "in any capacity connected with the game of golf."

Some have affected to see in this a reference to wholesale or retail dealers in sporting goods of one kind and another, and to the members of such firms and all the clerks employed in such establishments. Of course this was an extravagant conception, but it had believers. Pursuing the question to headquarters, I find that the Executive Committee meant no such scope to be given the rule, but that "athletic organizations" should apply rather to athletic and other clubs of a sporting character; and "in any capacity connected with the game of golf" to mean the salaried officials of such clubs and the men who use the game as a means to the sale of golf balls, clubs, and implements of the game proper.

NEEDED CHANGES IN THE WORDING of this Section 10 will therefore not be made at the January meeting of the Association, but at the later annual meeting it will be fully discussed before all the delegates, and a more stringent and simple rule very likely decided upon. At this time, too, that rule will be made more comprehensive, and all those that sell golf clubs and balls, etc., as a means of livelihood debarred from all amateur competitions other than those held under the auspices of their own clubs. It is thought advisable now, in the interest of the game, to give the Executive Committee some leeway in the interpretation of the spirit of the rules, in the confident belief that it will severely punish any action which savors of professionalism, and make examples of those golfers who endeavor to distort the spirit of the law in forwarding their own commercial ends.

AN EXCELLENT CHANGE WILL BE MADE in the rules at the February meeting—looking to the weeding out of the duffers at the annual championships. This is to be brought about by an amendment that—

Members of clubs belonging to this Association desiring to qualify as competitors in the amateur or open championship contest must have the secretary of the club from which they enter certify that their handicap, if any, is not more than six strokes from scratch for eighteen holes. Clubs belonging to this Association shall handicap their members on the following basis of scratch distances from tee to hole:

Under 165 yards	3 strokes.
165 yards and under 310	4 "
310 yards and under 450	5 "
450 yards and over	6 "

If this resolution is adopted, it will of course be necessary for every club in the Association to send the distances between the holes of their course to the secretary. Indeed, it seems to me it would be well to make such a rule irrespective of the acceptance of this amendment. A diagram of the course, with the distances, ought to accompany every application for membership to the Association. Such a file in the secretary's office would be instructive, and a trustworthy guide in classifying the links and in judging somewhat of the merits of those that apply for national or sectional tournament events.

THE QUESTION OF LOCATION for the amateur and open championships of the Golf Association is another matter that will require decision at the forth-coming meeting of the Executive Committee. There are several applicants for the honor, and of them the Chicago Club is the most prominent, and it seems to me the most deserving of attention. The first consideration in the selection of a course for the championship is the quality of the links. In this respect Chicago is unquestionably qualified. Those that have played on the majority of the best-known courses agree that Chicago indeed is the most sport-giving links in this country. Be that as it may, it is certainly as good as the best, and better than any of the other applicants for the championship. The playing length for the eighteen holes is 5821 yards, and the course is especially free of stones, fences, and trees—the abomination of the larger number of Eastern courses. Moreover, there are no terraced greens—another abomination to the true golfer—on the Chicago links.

THE ONLY OBJECTION that can be raised against the selection of Chicago is its distance from the Atlantic coast and the cost of getting there. But that is not a very serious objection. I had rather undertake a journey to Chicago than to Shinnecock; the comfort in travelling is infinitely greater, and the expense, if arrangements are completed to limit the round-trip fare to $36, is not so largely in excess of what it costs to reach Southampton, Boston, or Newport as to make the question formidable. Apart from this side of the question, it seem to me, the interest of golf would be best considered by scheduling the next championship at Chicago. There are many more golfers in the East, it is true, but there are many golfers in the West too, and so important an event would add to the already considerable number of converts, and arouse a general interest that would result beneficially for the game. If Chicago is not chosen, some Boston course should be given the honor. The Morris County course is hardly up to a championship tournament standard.

THE COMMITTEE ON CONSTITUTION of the proposed New York State College League met last week at Utica to perfect details for the approaching season. Representatives were present from Syracuse, Hamilton, Rochester, and Union. Hobart had promised to send a delegate, but none appeared. Rochester announced it had not yet taken final action as to joining the league, and Syracuse explained the attendance of its representative by expressing a wish to assist in the making of the constitution, and the hope that the others might be persuaded to reduce the number of hours required of special students from twelve to ten.

It looks very much now as if an agreement between Syracuse, Rochester, and Hobart on one side, and Hamilton, Union, and Colgate on the other, would not be reached, and that the athletics of these six colleges will be governed by two leagues. Such an inharmonious state of affairs would be as harmful as unnecessary.

It seems that when I censured Syracuse and Rochester for opposing the new league, a full statement of the facts had not been given me. Syracuse's athletic authorities write me that they are in entire sympathy with the effort making for reform, as evidenced by their own internal athletic legislation in the last year or so, but that they object to Union, which was expelled from the old league, and Hamilton, whose past athletic record is most unsavory, setting up a new organization, instead of rejoining the old one and assisting in reforms that its present members are perfectly willing to make. If this is true, there certainly seems no need of a new league, and meanwhile, pending a careful study of the old league's constitution and a canvass of its members' intentions for the future, I withdraw my criticism on those that are presently opposed to a new organization.

THE AMATEUR SPEED-SKATING championships of '97 were notable for several good reasons—one, and not the least important of them, being the discovery of a desirable and near-by course. Hitherto it has been the custom to chase from pond to pond—always two or more hours by rail from New York—seeking suitable ice. This year the same plan was inaugurated, and but for the intervention of the mild weather, we should probably have continued on next year and the one after, and so on for evermore, exploring the country for a skating-course. As it was, the change of atmosphere spoiled the ice on Cove Pond, near Stamford, Connecticut, and necessitated the further search which happily resulted in the discovery of Silver Lake, on Staten Island. Silver Lake has been on Staten Island at least as long as the National Skating Association has held championships, and the wonder is the change was not before made. These tournaments have not been very successful from the point of attracting spectators, and the reason may be found in the practice that has obtained of selecting a course so difficult of access. This was shown by a comparison of the number of spectators this year at Cove Pond with that at Silver Lake. And now that so good a course as Silver Lake has been found, let us hope hereafter the National Association will profit by its discovery.

IT WAS A FINE COURSE that had been laid out on Cove Pond for the first day's racing—a half-mile circuit, with stretches of 300 yards on the sides, but curves too sharp to be comforting to the skaters.

Quite the feature of the Cove Pond racing was the skating of Charles McClave, who, having won the one-mile race for novices in 3 min. 19$\frac{3}{5}$ sec., captured the Connecticut State 25-mile championship in 1 h. 41 min. 52$\frac{1}{5}$ sec. with utmost ease, the second man, A. P. Miller, being over one mile and a half behind at the finish. Some handicap and professional racing concluded the day on Cove Pond, and the softened ice compelled a postponement, during which interval Silver Lake was decided upon for the remaining two days of the programme.

The first championship race on Silver Lake, last Tuesday, and the event of most importance on that day's programme, was the one mile, which brought together E. Reynolds, of the Tattersall Skating Club of Chicago, a somewhat unknown quantity; B. McPartlan, Verplanck, New York, who had won a two-mile event on Cove Pond in fast time; and A. Y. Morgan, De La Salle Institute, the inter-scholastic champion. McPartlan had won the first heat from Reynolds, and was quite a favorite for the event, and Morgan had also won his heat.

SIX MEN GOT AWAY on even terms in the final, and after the first scramble McPartlan settled in the lead, closely followed by Morgan and Reynolds. This continued substantially the order until the last lap, when, rounding the turn for the home stretch, McPartlan swung wide; Reynolds turned sharp, and securing the pole, forged ahead, eventually winning by seven yards from McPartlan, with Morgan three yards back, and Cooney fourth by barely the depth of his body. Time, 2 min. 56$\frac{1}{5}$ sec. Morgan protested Reynolds on professional grounds.

Whether or not McPartlan's poor turn into the stretch cost him the race it is impossible to say, and nothing developed during the tournament to support such a statement; but it certainly lost him several yards.

In a one-mile handicap race the same day McPartlan won from S. M. Phillips (85 yards), A. Y. Morgan (50 yards), Charles McClave (100 yards), and Thomas Barron (150 yards)—all speedy men—in 2 min. 45$\frac{4}{5}$ sec., which was about 10 seconds faster than the time returned for the championship mile in which he had been defeated. Yet that proves nothing.

THROUGHOUT THE CHAMPIONSHIP MILE Reynolds kept easily up to McPartlan and Morgan, who were setting the pace, and seemed to have a great deal in reserve all the time. It was evidently his purpose to trail the leaders and let himself out on the finish. I very much doubt if the result would have been different had McPartlan negotiated the final turn more skilfully. Reynolds was strong all through, and with no greater apparent effort covered at least a yard more distance with every stroke than McPartlan and Morgan. Reynolds gave further evidence of his speed by winning the half-mile scratch in 1 min. 14$\frac{4}{5}$ sec. from E. A. Thomas and A. Y. Morgan, with Charles McClave closely following. A three-mile handicap in the evening gave S. M. Phillips an opportunity of acquiring solace for the defeat he sustained by both McPartlan and Reynolds in the one-mile championship, and by McPartlan in the one-mile handicap. He had 200 yards in the three-mile, and as good a man as McClave (200 yards) on the same mark, but he succeeded in winning in the good time of 8 min. 42 sec., with McClave second, and Elmer Kent (300 yards) third.

REYNOLDS GAVE A REVELATION of his speed on the last day of the tournament, through the time in which he won the championship quarter-mile. The course had been somewhat lengthened since the first day, until it was very nearly a quarter-mile in circumference. The track was good, although the falling snow detracted somewhat from the quality of the ice. The conditions were not perfect, in other words, and naturally had an effect on the time. A. Y. Morgan won the first heat of the quarter in 40$\frac{3}{5}$ sec. from Paulding, Irving Worth took the second heat in 41 sec. from Phillips, and Reynolds the third in 38 sec. from E. A. Thomas. As Reynolds was skating under protest, it was necessary to open the final heat to Thomas, and it was evident from the work in the trials that the real struggle for the championship would be between these two. It was apparent, too, that Reynolds recognized Thomas as his most dangerous competitor.

ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY with the report of the starter's pistol Reynolds was under way, and with such dexterity that he was leading a good yard by the time ten had been travelled. From the very beginning Thomas and Morgan were the only ones in the running; Reynolds increased his pace until on the back stretch his speed was remarkable. Thomas was going too, and at about the 300-yard mark had drawn up on Reynolds considerably, although the latter appeared to have let up a bit. Thomas nearly caught the leader on the turn, but made rather an awkward job rounding, and when Reynolds straightened out for the finish, his grasp on first prize seemed assured. He won by a yard in 37$\frac{3}{5}$ sec., Morgan being about five or six yards behind Thomas. It was a splendid effort for Thomas, since he perceptibly slackened at the turn; it seems as though there is room for more real doubt as to the faster, between Reynolds and Thomas in the quarter, than as between Reynolds and McPartlan in the mile.

THOMAS IS A VERY SPEEDY SKATER, and has endurance as well as pace. He won the honors of the last day by his showing in the quarter, and by winning the five-mile championship, the one-mile scratch, and the two-mile handicap races. His most notable performance was in the five-mile championship, which he not only won handily, but for which he set the pace for practically the entire distance. There were eight starters—E. A. Thomas, Newburg; A. Y. Morgan, New York; Charles McClave, New York; Thomas Cooney, Cornwall; Robert Warner, Boston; S. M. Phillips, New York; Dudley Worth, Staten Island; and Stephen O'Brien. Thomas assumed the lead at once, with Warner and O'Brien second and third, and the others bunched. At two miles and a half Cooney challenged Thomas for the lead, but the latter put on a burst of speed that quickly settled the question of supremacy and carried both well ahead of the others. A mile further on Thomas slackened his speed, and for a lap or two Cooney set the pace, with Thomas trailing him, and Morgan, Phillips, McClave, Warner, O'Brien, and Worth following in order. At three miles O'Brien quit.

BEGINNING THE FOURTH MILE, Thomas again took the lead, though Cooney clung to him, and the speed increased until on the last lap the pace was more like a quarter sprint than the finish of five miles. Morgan meantime had held third position until the second to the last lap, when he fell and lost his chances for a place, Phillips and McClave passing him. Thomas held his lead over Cooney and won by two yards, and in the last one hundred yards the latter went away from McClave, getting second by three yards, while Phillips, going strong, came within a few inches of snatching third from McClave. Time, 18 min. 29$\frac{3}{5}$ sec.

Thomas had a rather easy time of it in the one-mile scratch event, winning in 3 min. 6 sec. over John Larch and Charles McClave, second and third respectively. Nor was he put to much greater effort to capture the two-mile handicap from scratch, in 6 min. 14 sec., McClave (80 yds.) taking second and Kent (100 yds.) third.

From first to last, the tournament was one of the most interesting and most successfully conducted we have attended; the only exception to the harmony of the meeting being the charge of professionalism lodged against Reynolds. It will be too bad if so skilled a skater as Reynolds has forfeited his amateur standing, and we hope he can show a clean record. If he cannot, the club which entered him should share in his punishment. In any event, the matter should be brought to trial without delay.

THE INSISTENCE ON A SCHOLARSHIP STANDARD for college athletes, we are very happy to note, is spreading. Princeton's faculty athletic committee has just announced that hereafter students having any conditions will not be permitted to represent the university on any of the athletic teams, or even to practise for the 'varsity teams until the conditions are made up, while "dropped" men are ineligible for one year to any team.

New York University is also one of the latest converts, and proclaims that "after January 1, '97, no student having more than two failures against him on the registrar's books will be allowed to participate in any college athletic contest." Before the coming of spring any college or university which has not adopted some scholarship standard for its athletes must be regarded as unmindful of the ethical tone of its athletics.

THE ST. NICHOLAS CLUB hockey team appears to have been the only one to interrupt the triumphant course of the Canadian team of Queens College, which recently came to New York, and easily defeated every other opponent. St. Nicholas, in holding the visitors down to a tie game, with a 1 to 1 score in two 20-minute halves, earned greater laurels than victory over any New York team would bestow. The play of St. Nicholas in this especial match was very comforting to the Americans that watched them, for it gives assurance of what we will do in the game after we have had a bit more experience. This Queens College team holds the intercollegiate championship of Canada, where hockey has been expertly played time out of mind. In New York this is our second winter at the game. In another year we shall be just about fit for the Canadians.

The play of the Queens team was a revelation in teamwork; the men are all expert skaters, and each knows his position, and plays it for all it is worth.

Subsequently the Canadians met the Montclair Athletic Club team, and easily defeated it—6 goals to 1. The Canadians did not, however, during their visit meet the New York A. C. team, which last Saturday defeated the St. Nicholas team 3 goals to 2.

A SLIP OF THE PEN in the issue of January 23, '97, accounts for crediting the Carlisle Indian School football team with a 24-12 victory over Brown, whereas the victory was Brown's, 24-12.

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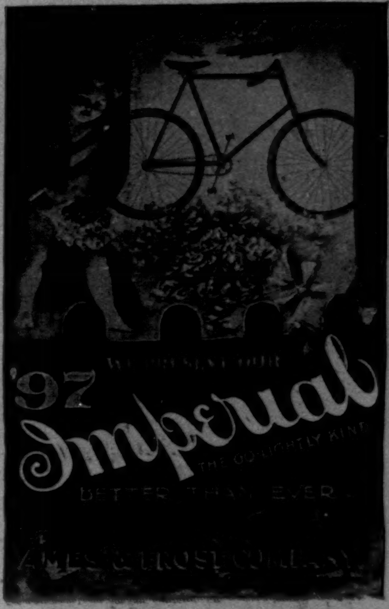

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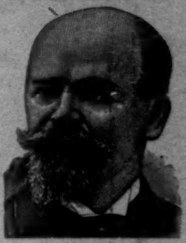

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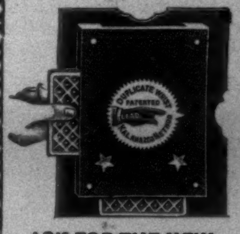

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